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ELIZABETHTOWN
Lancaster Co Pa
(care L A Crouse)

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

HAPPINESS.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

"Oh, Happiness, how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!"
Mrs. Hemans.

In the Spring time of life when the young heart was free,
A wild, restless spirit went searching for thee;
It roved in the summer-time over the hills,
And sang to the music of swift flowing rills.
Oh, how ardently then, when the warm heart was young,
E'er the harp of the spirit to grief had been strung;
Oh, how ardently then Youth went searching for thee,
And crying, "Oh, Happiness, where can you be?"

Then Happiness answered, "I'm far, far away,
Where the Angel of Peace is the sunlight of day—
Oh, wild, restless Spirit you're seeking in vain,
For the soul of the rover I may not enchain.
You tire of the flower, and you tire of the bird,
And the song that God's wind in the forest has stirred.
Oh, wild, restless Spirit, you're seeking in vain,
For the heart that grows weary, I may not enchain!"

Still onward the Spirit in restlessness sped,
Though not in the paths that its fancy once led.
The lowly flowers withered; the laurel grew higher,
And tempted the wild, longing soul of desire.
The laurel was reached, but still distant the goal,
For oh where, restless Spirit, the *path for thy soul?*
Still, still you were crying by land and by sea,
Oh, sweet paths of Happiness, where can you be?

Then Happiness answered, still farther away,
"Oh, wild, restless Spirit, why go you astray?
Ambition's proud honors may add to your pride,
But they turn not a moment your sorrows aside.
Then think not to find, oh, sad Spirit, release,
Till you hasten your steps to the Valley of Peace,
With a hope in your heart for an infinite rest
In the land of God's angels—the home of the blest!"

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE DYING WARRIOR.

BY JULIA.

Sing me the songs of yore,
I have so loved to hear!
Oh let their melody once more
Melt sweetly on mine ear!
Sing me the songs of yore,
Now at the twilight hour,
Now, e'er my dream of life be o'er,
Once more I'd feel their power!
Sing of the martial fame,
High honor and renown,
That girt my father's hoary head
With glory's brightest crown!
The mighty music of that strain
Will make me nobly live again!
Tell how he fought the foe!
How with his latest breath,
"Strike for your firesides and your homes!
To victory or death!"

That foe is on us still!
My sword I must pursue!
Great God! how resolute in will,
How powerless to do!
This feeble, fainting, fluttering breath
That I must yield to thee—oh Death!

That I must die! This haughty heart
Yield to the tyrant king!
My eagle spirit bow her head,
And fold her noble wing!
To triumph never, o'er the foe,
Death! Death! this is thy sting!
Oh for one hour! One hour of life!
See! see! this arm is strong!
That shout! I must be in the strife.
Ah! gird my armor on!
A fearful struggle! I will be brief.
Then! then the Victor's song!

Alas! alas! what means this chill?
Oh Death, thy freezing kiss!
"We conquer!" How my pulses thrill!
Oh God! what wondrous bliss!
See! see! the foe is flying fast!
Our homes will yet be free!
Oh Death! thine agony is past,
Mine! mine! the victory!

OUR ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

"LINDEN HALL."

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILADA.

BY M. A. EDWARDS.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

The spring time came. Can I ever forget that spring, which brought into existence many a bright-winged, joyous creature, but which crushed out the brightest hopes of my life; which caused the leaves to bud, and the flowers to bloom, but which killed the blossoms that had sweetened my heart with their fragrant breath.

But I had no such thoughts as these, as I stood, early one morning, on the pavement in front of Mr. Lane's door, playing with my riding whip, and chatting gaily with Kate, who stood on the steps.

"Bless my soul!" cried Doctor Radnor, coming suddenly upon us, "what fine spirits you are in this morning, Miss Serena! Have you got a new dress, or a bracelet, or, better still, a new beau?"

"You are a bad guesser, Doctor; the prospect of a horseback ride this pleasant morning is enough to put any one in fine spirits."

"It depends somewhat upon the company, I suppose," said the Doctor, mischievously. "Who is your escort?"

"Mr. Meredith," I said, trying not to blush.

"Serena scorns any other escort now-a-days," said Kate, provokingly. "She received Mr. Franklin's attentions very coolly last night, and he was decidedly the lion of the party."

"I knew he was courting my society for the sake of getting more of Miss Lane's. I don't like to play second to anybody."

"I hear, Miss Kate," said the merry little Doctor, "that you reaped new laurels last night, and conquered more hearts than Napoleon did kingdoms."

"She is not as generous," said I, laughing, "or she would bestow some upon her more unfortunate friends."

"You have nothing to say, Miss Serena," said the Doctor; "you have some weapons of your own. Both of you are irresistible. Ah! if I were only young again!" and he made one of his comical little bows.

"It is of no use talking in that style, Doctor," Kate replied, "for everybody knows that the fortress of your heart is impregnable. Miss Malvina Sharpe, and Miss Hart, and I don't know how many fascinating widows, have been laying siege to it for a dozen years, and it has not surrendered yet."

The Doctor made a horrible grimace. "I have been nearly caught more than once, Miss Kate, but, fortunately, I have escaped thus far. My heart is very soft—too soft entirely. I have so many loves, I never know which to choose, and, while I am waiting and deliberating, somebody else whisks them all off. That is the only reason I have never married."

"How unfortunate!" Kate exclaimed. "Do tell us some of your adventures with the ladies?"

"I will tell you one which occurred a few years since. I met Miss More at a watering-place. She was a vision of beauty, and I, of course, fell desperately in love. My only objection to addressing her was her extreme youth. She was much too young for a bald-headed old Doctor like myself. I wish I could give you an idea of her personal appearance. Bless me! she would throw Cleopatra, and Helen, and all those old-fashioned beauties entirely into the shade! Her skin rivalled the snow in whiteness, and the glow upon her cheek was as delicate as the ocean shell. I have sat for hours, admiring her nose; it was certainly the most beautiful one I ever saw, with its straight Grecian lines and delicate nostrils. Her teeth were like pearls, and her lips like coral. She wore her hair in golden-brown curls, and they waved so softly and gracefully about her pretty little head and snowy throat. Her figure was perfect, and, altogether, she was a little Hebe. I never had thought that my wild passion was returned until one evening, when we had wandered off into a little grove, talking of love. Unconsciously I took her hand—it trembled in mine. She did not withdraw it, and this encouraged me. Just then a snake glided across our path. She gave a shriek of terror, and threw herself precipitately into my arms. How supremely blest I felt then—like a consummate fool, that I was. Hesitating and trembling, I told her of my love, and asked her to be mine. She gave me a low, gracious answer. Enraptured, I bent down to kiss those cherry lips. She averted her face. One of her curls got wound around the buttons of my coat. Fearful it might cause her some pain, I tried gently to extricate it without her knowledge, when, lo! every silken curl came instantly off her head, and I held them aloft before my astonished gaze. I know not whether she threw herself on the ground in her despair, or whether I let her fall in my amazement, but I know she came down with a tremendous crash. For a moment I looked at her as she lay there, moaning and sobbing. And well she might, for horrible was the mutilation caused by that fall. The delicate color on one cheek had all been rubbed off on my coat, and in some places the white had disappeared, showing a complexion the color of dried pumpkin. Her cherry lips were white, but that might have been from fright. I do not think, though, that fright made her teeth fall out, but there they lay, thirty-two pearls, upon the ground. I looked for the Grecian nose, but it had disappeared and left a vacuum where it had once been. I saw it at last upon the grass—it was wax. But, worse than all, she had a cork back."

"A what?"

"A cork back. I saw it when it rolled on the grass. I could have forgiven the wig, and paint, and teeth, for I reflected that I was not very young myself; but I could not marry a woman with a wax nose and cork back. I beat a rapid retreat, and took the next train for Philadelphia."

The Doctor joined in our hearty laugh. "I tell you what, young ladies," he said, "this world is full of deceptions. I wish I could persuade you both never to enter into matrimony. But I know it is useless to give such advice."

"Perfectly useless," said Miss Ogden, appearing at the door with Allan and Mrs. Meredith. "Like all foolish girls, they think matrimony is inevitable."

"*You* seem to have escaped it very well," said Kate, who never could resist the temptation to say provoking things to her aunt.

Miss Ogden made no reply, but a fiery glance shot from her eye, as she walked majestically down the steps and got into the carriage.

"I shall have to undergo three weeks of snubbing to pay for that unlucky speech of mine," said Kate, looking after her. "I wish I had not said it, but Aunt Sarah spits so much fire at me, I am obliged to retaliate a little."

The carriage rolled away with Mrs. Meredith and Miss Ogden in it. Allan and I sprang on our horses and galloped up the street, rejoicing in our love, rejoicing in our youth. Youth and love! how quickly they pass away and the darkness falls around us!

When we reached the open country we loitered along the road, often letting the carriage get far in advance of us, and then having a race to overtake it. Allan was in high spirits, and I was in one of my gayest moods; but I believe there was a shade of pensiveness always mingled with my gaiety.

"Are you happy, Serena?" said Allan, as we were riding slowly.

"Can you not see that I am happy?"

"Very happy, my love?"

"So happy that I wish for nothing in this world. But why do you ask that question so frequently, Allan?"

"Because I like to hear the confession from your own lips, and think that you are happy in my love. Are you perfectly satisfied with me, Serena?"

"Allan, such a question is unworthy you or me. Have I not told you I love you? I have pledged my faith to you through weal and wo. I am sincere in my words and faithful to my promises, Allan."

"But you know, my love, I told you I was full of faults. Have you not, since that first time when you said to me so honestly and sweetly those ever precious words, 'Allan, I love you,' have you not since then felt your heart growing more fond of another? Have you not found one more worthy than I, upon whom to bestow your affection?"

I was both surprised and pained at this speech. It was unlike anything I had ever heard from him. I said, with some bitterness: "Your language is utterly incomprehensible. You surely have forgotten your definition of love in the steamboat, last fall."

"I remember it every word, and believe it still. Forgive me, if I have offended you. I am very foolish, but lately I have thought—never mind what I thought. I have full faith in your truth, and henceforward I will dismiss all foolish fancies. I think I see a bright future before us; happy in each other's love, and confident of each other's truth."

I did not urge him to tell me what his "foolish fancies" were. I was too happy to think much about them. Drawing off my glove, and holding up the finger on which glittered the sapphire ring, I said: "I can never doubt you, Allan, while this remains bright and unsullied. You told me once that I believed in omens. Do you know that I am foolish enough to connect my happiness with this ring. As long as I hold this, you are mine forever."

Allan smiled. "The sapphire sparkles brilliantly in the sunlight," he said. "May it be an omen of our future life! Love and joy, Serena, will brighten our home."

"Our home!" How strangely it sounded. He had never made a direct allusion to it before. Our home! Where was it to be? It mattered little. Wherever it was, Allan would be there, and I pleased myself with thinking I would make it a Paradise to him—an asylum of rest, where the cares and troubles of the world should never penetrate. I looked at Allan. A smile was playing on his features.

"Your thoughts must be pleasant," I said, as his glance met mine.

"They were, my love. I was thinking of our home. I have been a wanderer over the earth, and long for a haven of rest and peace. I have been very patient, Serena. Will you reward me by permitting me to tell my mother what a charming daughter I am about to give her?'

"Not yet, dear Allan; wait a little longer."

"That is what you have been saying all the time, Serena. I cannot imagine what makes you so afraid of my mother. She is very much attached to you."

"She is very kind. I am not at all afraid of her. In three weeks, I shall accompany Mrs. Lane and her daughters into the country to spend the summer. Then you may tell your mother."

"Three weeks! what a long time! She will be so delighted, she will insist upon following you into the country, and I, like a dutiful son, will of course accompany her."

I shook my whip at him, and, challenging him to a race, swept up the road at full speed.

We all stopped for awhile upon the summit of a high hill to enjoy the beautiful view—the gently-rolling country, with its green hill-sides and pretty farms—the romantic Schuylkill, quiet and beautiful, beneath the overhanging trees; the city, with its lofty spires piercing into the blue air; and afar off the white sails gliding slowly and gracefully upon the broad-bosomed Delaware.

I dropped the bridle upon my horse's neck, so absorbed was I in the landscape. He stood very quietly, perhaps meditating upon the beauties of nature. If so, his reverie was suddenly interrupted, for a cow, with a huge bell around her neck, came charging up the hill. My steed gave a sudden snort, a violent plunge, and dashed down the hill. I was thrown to the ground. It is wonderful I was not seriously injured, but I escaped with only a few slight bruises. I was not even stunned, but I lay for a few minutes with my eyes closed, so frightened that I scarcely knew whether I was dead or alive. Miss Ogden told me afterwards she thought I was dead. I expect Allan thought so also, for he knelt down by my side, and, in imploring accents, begged me to look at him, to speak to him, if it were but one word. He called me by all the endearing names that he was wont to use, and entreated me to live for him, since he should die without me.

I remember hearing all this, but not very distinctly. Miss Ogden, meanwhile, was chafing my temples and hands. In a few minutes I rose to my feet, much to their surprise. I was too weak and faint from fright to stand, and should have fallen again had not Allan caught me in his arms. He carried me to the carriage, and, arranging a couch of shawls, laid me on it, and we rode slowly back to the city.

I lay very quiet, and with my eyes closed; thankful, truly thankful, for my escape without loss of life or limb. But worldly and perplexing thoughts would mingle with these grateful ones. There could be now no further concealment from Mrs. Meredith. Allan had declared himself too plainly. And Miss Ogden—she too was possessor of our secret. What did they think of us?

Once only I opened my eyes, and they rested upon the face of Mrs. Meredith. She was regarding me with a look of sorrow and pity. I did not understand it, but somehow it reassured me, and my mind felt more composed.

Allan frequently stopped the carriage to arrange the curtains to shield me from the wind, but he said nothing, and thus, in silence, we drove up to Mr. Lane's door.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Miss Ogden and Kate insisted upon my keeping my room for two or three days, for no reason that I could discover, unless it was that they might have the pleasure of nursing me. They paid me every kind attention that affection could suggest. Mrs. Lane came often to my room, and entertained me with her charming conversation. Allan called every day to inquire about my health, and each time sent me a bouquet, whose fragrance filled my room, and reminded me constantly how the perfume of his love filled my heart.

I was not really sick, but I felt nervous, and weak, and so I allowed myself to be thought an invalid, for I liked to be petted and made much of. But on the third day I rebelled, and insisted upon resuming my school duties.

In the afternoon I was told that Mrs. Meredith wished to see me. My heart beat painfully as I went down to meet her. Had Allan told her all? What was the purport of her visit?

She kissed me in her wonted manner as I entered the room. I thought she looked years older than when I last saw her—only four days before.

"You look very well, Serena," were the first words she uttered.

"I am quite well. I have only been playing at being sick."

She made no reply to this. I doubt whether she heard it. She looked anxious and troubled. "Come and sit here, Serena," she said at last. "I can talk to you better if you sit close by me."

I sat on the sofa by her side, and she took my hand and held it in hers, while she said:

"We have, all of us, endeavored to be your true and kind friends, Serena."

"You have all been very kind. I have never felt like a stranger in your midst."

"I have been very fond of you, Serena. First, because of your kindness and affection to Kate, while at Linden Hall; and afterwards for your own sake. There was much about you I admired, and then your resemblance to my lost Fanny endeared you still more to my heart. It is strange, very strange, that I never thought what would be the result of the intimate acquaintance between you and Allan. I was blind, totally blind."

She paused, as if expecting me to say something. I was silent. My hand lay passively in hers. She continued:

"The scene that occurred the other morning opened my eyes. Allan's feelings in regard to you were too manifest to be mistaken. And now, Serena, I have come to ask you to give me back my son—he is my only one—my only child. I am not so foolish as to think that Allan will live for me alone. I know he will marry some time; but—forgive me if I wound you—he can select a bride from the proudest in the land. I know of one, beautiful and wealthy, who would gladly be his. One he would have sought, I am confident, had he not met with you."

I withdrew my hand, and, rising, stood before her. "Does your son know that you have sought this interview with me?"

"I have not exchanged one word with him upon the subject. I have purposely avoided him since your accident. I know Allan well. My arguments and entreaties would all be lost on him in such a matter as this. I have not even tried to dissuade him. I determined to appeal to you. If you still persist in marrying him, I cannot prevent it. But, believe me, no union will be blessed that takes place amid the reproaches of a widowed mother."

"You may spare your reproaches," said I, proudly. "I have one more question to ask. Have you any reason to suppose that your son was particularly interested in the lady to whom you alluded, before he saw me?"

She hesitated a moment before she replied. "I wish, Serena, that I could answer in the affirmative, but truth compels me to say I do not think he was. You see I deal frankly with you, Serena. He admired and esteemed her, and I feel confident this would have ripened into love had he not seen you. He certainly loves you, Serena."

"Then do not take him from me! Oh! do not take him from me!" I cried, in piteous tones, as I sunk down at her feet, my love for the moment overpowering my pride. "Mrs. Meredith, you have great wealth and many friends. I am poor, and lonely, and desolate. I have nothing in the wide world but Allan and his love. Have pity upon me!"

She was silent for some minutes. I dared not look at her. When she spoke it seemed as if every word fell upon my poor heart like lead, crushing it lower and lower to the earth.

"Serena, do you suppose that your love for Allan can compare with mine? He was my pride and hope before you were born. I am a sad and stricken woman. Sorrow and bitterness were my portion for years. I bade farewell to all my children, and saw them die. Allan only is left to me. In him I have centred all my hopes and all my ambition. I have been thinking and living only for him for many years, and will you destroy the hopes of my life? I am old, and can form no new ties, no new hopes and joys. You are young. A long life stretches before you. You can choose another love, and still be happy."

"I can never, never love any other than Allan Meredith."

"So the young ever say, but the aged know better. Eternal love exists nowhere but in romances. Believe me, Serena, you will outlive the memory of this youthful dream. Nay, the time will surely come, if you both live, when you and Allan will be thankful that Fate separated you."

I sprung to my feet. "It is false, utterly false! You may plot and scheme to induce him to wed your high-born friend, but you will never succeed. Allan Meredith *cannot* forget Serena M'Cloud. His spirit will be forever linked to mine. He has often told me so."

A scornful smile curled her lip. I saw it, and it irritated me to fury. "Do you doubt your son's truth and honor?" I exclaimed, stamping my foot violently.

She said, in her calmest tones: "I doubt neither, Serena. He probably thought so when he said it. In a few years he will laugh at such fancies as the ravings of youthful folly."

I looked in her face, so cold and impassive, and wondered that I had ever thought her gentle and lovely. I walked to the window. The sunshine lay brightly on all things. Splendid equipages were dashing by, filled with life and beauty. A group of girls stood upon the steps of the opposite house, and talked gaily. Mr. Eugene Smith was passing, and, seeing me, lifted his gloved hand slowly to his glossy hat, and raising it a few inches, gently inclined his aristocratic head. I took in the whole of this at a glance, and I believe his vanity and happy self-complacency made me more angry than before. It seemed as if every heart but mine was at peace.

I left the window abruptly, and began to pace the room, conscious that those cold, glittering eyes were following my every movement. I did not believe what she said. I knew it was utterly impossible that either Allan or I could outlive our love for each other. I felt a new feeling growing up in my heart. I hated Mrs. Meredith; that proud, cold, heartless woman, who would sacrifice her son and a friendless orphan girl to advance her own selfish ends. But she was Allan's mother. It was true that she had loved him for many years before I had known him. She had borne patiently with his faults, and had nursed him in sickness, and devoted herself to him in health. He himself had told me that she was the best of mothers. She was breaking my heart; but she thought it for the best interest of her son. She was selfish for him. I stood in the way of his advancement. He had foolishly loved an unknown orphan girl, without money, and without friends. She knew his honor and faith were pledged to me, and that nought that she could say to him would cause him to break his plighted word. She had, therefore, appealed to me to give up my best and dearest friend, my protector, my comforter, my very life—and, if I gave him up, there stretched out before me a length of years, so dark, so shadowy, so very desolate. She thought only of Allan. The sacrifice which cost me so much would be best for him. Perhaps it might. I could give him neither wealth, nor influence, nor friends. I could give him nothing but my love. I read Mrs. Meredith's character now. She was proud and resolute, and should Allan marry me, she would cast him off forever. "The only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

My resolution was taken. I paused before her and said, slowly and calmly: "I will write to your son to-day, and release him from his engagement."

The hard, cold look fell from her face. "I knew it would be thus, Serena. I did not overrate your nobleness of heart. It has cost you a sacrifice, but God will reward you, and the blessings of a widowed mother will follow you all the days of your life. You will yet be happy, very happy, my dear.'

"My happiness is not under consideration," said I, coldly. "Have you anything more to say?"

"Only that you see the necessity of not informing Allan that I have interfered in this matter."

"It was scarcely necessary to tell me this, unless you have 'overrated my nobleness of heart,'" said I, bitterly.

"Do not let us part in anger, Serena. We must still be friends."

"That word is never more to be used between us. Henceforth we meet as strangers."

"Say not so, my dear Serena, I would fain be your friend, and love you still." Her eyes were swimming in tears. She came forward to embrace me, but I drew back. "You think me cruel and hard-hearted," she said, in her most affectionate manner, "and I do not blame you. I have wounded you deeply, but, believe me, such wounds are not incurable. I have been through the Experience of Life. I never thought you could be so angry with me, Serena."

"I know it. You thought I was a weak and silly girl; one whom you could trample under your feet, and then coax to thank you for so doing. But I am no hypocrite, and I tell you I hate you—yes, hate you—with your smooth tongue and stony heart."

"I cannot leave you thus. I do love you, my dear, and one day perhaps you will remember that I am, and ever will be, your friend."

"Heaven save me from such friends! Some day, when your life is lonely and desolate, you will think of the heart you have so cruelly tortured to-day."

I bowed coldly, and left her standing in the middle of the room, regarding me with a look of mingled pity and reproach.

I locked myself in my room, and passed hours in which anger, mortification and despair contended for the mastery. I was angry with the heartless world, with Mrs. Meredith, and my own cruel fate; mortified at the outburst of passion I had displayed; and despairing of the future, which lay before me cheerless and cold, with no love to irradiate it.

Once before, such a storm of fierce passion had convulsed my heart, but that was nothing to this. Then Hope bade me look forward to brighter days—but now, alas! Hope was dead. There could be no bright days in store for me. I was about to sign, with my own hand, the death warrant of my happiness. I longed to weep but could not. My grief was beyond the power of tears. There is no sorrow like the crushing sorrow of youth! There is no despair like the utter, hopeless despair of the young!

But I roused myself from these reflections. My promise was unfulfilled. I opened the desk, but the paper swam before my eyes. It was long before I could summon resolution to begin; but, once commenced, I wrote on steadily to the end:

"ALLAN:—Our dream of love is over—vanished forever. Teach your heart to forget that such a person as Serena M'Cloud was ever known to you. It is unnecessary to give the reasons for dissolving our engagement. It is sufficient to say that they are imperative and unchangeable. Do not seek an interview with me. It cannot alter my decision, and will only pain us both. Farewell."

How cold and distant it was. And yet I dared not make it otherwise, fearful he might discover the real sentiments of my heart. I collected together the few little trinkets he had brought me from time to time, (each one linked with some precious memory,) drew the sapphire ring from my finger, (that ring that told of Allan's undying love,) and made them into a little package.

The sun was still high in the heavens, and I resolved to take a walk and leave my letter at the nearest despatch office. I felt a sense of suffocation, and longed for the fresh air to revive me.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I walked hurriedly on, I did not know or care whither, I was agitated by such a tumult of feeling that I was scarcely conscious. I suppose I met persons, but I saw them not. The shades of night began to close around me, and when I awoke to a perception of where I was, I started to observe that I had wandered very far from the neighborhood in which Mr. Lane resided, and into a part of the city where the houses were few and scattered.

I turned, and was about to retrace my steps as rapidly as possible, when my attention was arrested by a gentleman, who was walking on the opposite side of the street. There was something familiar in the gait and manner of the man, but a slouched hat effectually concealed his features. As he did not seem to observe me, I quickened my pace and proceeded on my way,

A hand was laid on my shoulder, and the man with the slouched hat stood by my side. I was about to scream, when he raised his hat and I discovered the familiar features of Mr. Croland. My former fears of the man were all forgotten in this hour of my sadness and loneliness, and I recognized him only as an old friend, and greeted him as such.

He seemed in one of his genial moods.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss M'Cloud," he said, grasping my hand warmly. "Have you been long in the city?"

"I have been here some two months," I replied. "I am teaching in Mr. Lane's family. You remember Kate Lane."

I thought I observed a slight shadow on his face, but he said, smiling: "I do not think any one would soon forget pretty, 'Crazy Kate.' But how does it happen that you are walking alone at this hour?"

"I was so absorbed in thought, I was not conscious how late it was growing, nor how far I had walked."

He looked at me inquiringly. "I will accompany you home." This was said in his old authoritative style, as if the fact were settled, and admitted of no denial. It reminded me of Linden Hall, and our conversation turned upon old times and our former acquaintances. Mr. Croland could give me but little information regarding them, however, as he had not visited the Hall since my departure.

"You left us in a very sudden and mysterious manner," I said.

"Young ladies are fond of mysteries," he replied. "I left rather suddenly, but there was no mystery about it that I am aware of. I got tired of the business of teaching—it is the hardest work I ever undertook. I told Professor Bland so, and asked him to procure another teacher. Was that a mysterious proceeding, Miss M'Cloud?"

"Not very; but you did not bid your friends good-bye. We at least expected to see you once more before your departure."

"And did you *desire* to see me?" he said, looking earnestly into my face, as if he would read my very thoughts.

Instantly it flashed into my mind that Allan had told me Mr. Croland had declared himself to be a suitor for my hand. Not knowing how far his sentiments had changed, and not caring to give him an opportunity of expressing them, did they remain the same, I hastened to change the conversation into another channel. I replied, carelessly:

"I like my friends to bid me farewell, as it implies that they leave me with kindly feelings. But may I inquire where you have been since then?"

"A wanderer over the country. A few days since, I landed in Philadelphia, where I little expected to find you, supposing you still moored in the quiet harbor of Linden Hall. I am sorry you have left it."

"Sorry!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "If you only knew how happy I have been since I left there!"—I paused abruptly, for I forgot, in my momentary excitement, that I might betray myself.

Again he bent that searching look upon my blushing cheek. "Well!" he said, rather coldly, I thought. "Let me hear what new sources of happiness have been opened to you."

"I only meant," said I, hurriedly, "that Linden Hall life was wearisome and tedious in the extreme, and I am glad to exchange it for one comparatively easy and free from care."

"You are not entirely candid with me, Miss M'Cloud; but I have no right to intrude upon your confidence. Linden Hall is a more proper place for you than Mr. Lane's."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because it is safer. We are sometimes too confident in our happiness. It was in Paradise that the serpent entered."

"Since which time no place is free from temptation. Linden Hall, with all its bolts, and bars, and rigid discipline, cannot shut out evil. I saw enough of sin and trouble while within its walls."

"That may be true, but the iron hand of duty crushes it down, and the effort of forcing a calmness you do not feel brings quiet and peace at last."

"I do not think so. It is like stemming a river. When the barriers which arrest its progress are removed, it will sweep onward with tenfold more power, and prove an engine of destruction where it might have been an instrument of fertilizing the soil."

"It has never been our habit to agree," said Mr. Croland, pleasantly, "and we will drop the subject, if you please."

"But you have roused my curiosity. I wish very much to know why it is safer for me at Linden Hall?"

"Because there you are in no danger of being spoiled. Professor Bland makes gold his god. He worships those who have it, and will say and do anything without a scruple to obtain it. You had no gold, therefore you were an object of utter indifference to him. It is contrary to Miss Pinchem's principles and practice to praise, and Mrs. Bland is too indolent. I do not think praise is very good for you."

I could see that he was dropping his gay and pleasant manner, and gradually falling into his old acrid and odd mode of conversation.

"And how do you know that I get much of that article at Mr. Lane's?"

"Because you say you are so happy, and I know by experience that you do not like to be found fault with. But how are you pleased with the Lanes? I suppose the old folks are very wealthy, haughty, and aristocratic, &c."

"I can assure you they are neither haughty nor old. They are among the most charming people I have ever met."

"Indeed! I supposed Mrs. Lane was wrinkled, and gray, and cross."

"I wish you could see her. She is very beautiful, and I never saw her out of humor. Everybody loves her."

"Then she must be very unselfish—always preferring others' happiness to her own."

I hesitated. This was *not* Mrs. Lane's character, I knew.

"I have not studied her character very closely," I replied, evasively; "but she has been very kind to me."

"It was no trouble to her to do so. You came in her way, and she would not willingly hurt a fly."

"You are not very charitable in your judgment of a person you have never seen."

"And this Miss Kate—the pretty butterfly—I suppose you are her 'very dear friend' still?"

"I have every reason to think Kate is very fond of me," I said, coldly, for I did not like the tone he was assuming. "Now do not say one word against her," I continued, as I saw he was about to speak. "I will not allow you to censure my friends. All of them have shown me nothing but kindness, from little Rosa to Miss Sarah Ogden."

"Sarah Ogden!" he repeated, but in a tone so sharp and shrill that I looked at him in surprise. His face was deadly pale, and his features worked convulsively.

"Are you ill?" I inquired, in alarm.

"Only a sudden and violent spasm here," he said, pressing his hand on his heart. "I am subject to these paroxysms. It is all over now." We walked on for some time in silence, and then he said, in a low and gentle tone: "And Sarah Ogden is very kind to you?"

"Very kind indeed!" said I, warmly. "I love her as if she were an elder sister."

"Strange, very strange!" he murmured, as if speaking to himself. "How wonderful and mysterious are the workings of Providence! What will be the end of it all?" Then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he looked me full in the face and said, abruptly: "Is Allan Meredith in the city?"

I had been expecting this question for some time, and I did not even change color as I answered him, calmly: "He has been in the city during the winter."

"And what is he doing here?"

"His mother is living here at present."

"His mother! Humph! I suppose she's another kind friend."

"Mr. Croland," said I, haughtily, "I do not know by what right you question me so closely regarding my friends, neither do I like the manner in which you speak of them."

"Your friends!" said he, in tones of bitter scorn. "Yes—they are your friends as long as it suits their interest. They flatter and fawn on you—load you with flattery—but it is all hollow—nothing but deceit."

"And may I inquire upon what you found your opinion?"

"I know them all," he replied, fiercely. "I knew them years ago, and a more hypocritical, deceitful family never lived! I tell you," he added, trembling with excitement, "that I know them well. When they discover that their idol, Allan Meredith, has bestowed his love upon a poor orphan, then you will see what warm friends they will prove to be. How they will scorn and spurn you. Mark my words, and one of these days you will find them all true."

I was astonished at this outburst of feeling. What did he know of them? How had he discovered the secret of my heart? His words had proved true already in respect to one who had called herself a friend. Could the others be heartless also?

I turned sick and faint. I could go no farther, and leaned against an iron fence for support. This fence encircled a large park, which surrounded an aristocratic mansion, in the outskirts of the city. The gate was open, and just within I saw a rustic seat, beneath a giant oak. Mr. Croland saw it also, and, without speaking a word, he half led, half carried me to it.

The excitement of the day, and the fatigue of my long walk, joined with the strange conversation of my companion, all combined, made me sick, delirious, bewildered, and as I sank on the seat I cried, in agony, "I am wretched and desolate! I have not a friend! What shall I do!"

"I have long desired to be your friend," he said, so gently and tenderly that I scarcely recognized the voice. "I know you cannot be happy where you are. Return to your quiet New England home, and to good Mrs. Wilson. She needs your care. Leave these false friends. Forget Allan Meredith and his mad and foolish passion. Tear yourself from him, and go back and gladden the heart of Edgar Dudley, by telling him you will reward his unselfish devotion and love him with your whole heart."

"And do you know Edgar Dudley, also?"

"I know his character well. Give the happiness of your life into his keeping, Serena. *He* will never betray the trust."

"You are entirely mistaken," I said; "Edgar Dudley loves me not, except as a brother."

"Blind! blind! If you were not infatuated you would see that he loves you with a devotion Allan Meredith never dreamed of. *He* will never cast you off."

"Nor Allan either," said I, indignant at the insinuation. "I would sooner doubt my own existence than Allan's truth!"

"We will see about that hereafter. His fine lady mother will soon separate you, and then—"

"What then?" said I, eagerly bending forward, as if life or death depended on that answer.

"He will soon learn to love another."

I sank back disappointed, and Mr. Croland continued: "He is, like his mother, heartless, deceitful; there is not a good thought, or a noble quality in his heart. I hate them all. I like to say it. I hate him—hate his mother—hate them all."

"But you will never teach me to hate him. When I discover that Allan is false I shall not wish to live, I will never believe in man's truth again."

"We are fond of wishing to die, but we struggle hard to keep alive. Heaven knows what a burden my life has been for many years, and yet I cannot voluntarily make up my mind to resign it."

I felt much stronger, and I rose to go, but, seizing my hands, he detained me, and said, in his old dictatorial manner: "You shall not go until you promise to leave these Lanes and Merediths."

"This is unmanly, Mr. Croland," said I. "When you offered to accompany me home, I thought it was to protect, not to insult me."

The words had scarcely been uttered, when I saw Mr. Croland fall by my side. A strong arm seized me, and I was out of the park and placed in a carriage before I had time to know into whose hands I had fallen. Doctor Radnor sat by my side, and drove rapidly over the stones into the city.

"You came upon me like a whirlwind, Doctor," I said, half laughing, half crying, "but I don't know how to thank you enough."

"Thank me! For what? Knocking down that scoundrel? Wait till I kill him, and then you may thank me. Didn't he go down prettily, though?" and the little man gave his low, chuckling laugh. "There is some strength in Doctor Radnor yet, if he is little and old. When I was a young man, surgeon in the navy, I could kill a man easily with one blow of my fist. I remember once I killed two hundred, one after another, without stopping an instant, and I ceased then from exhaustion."

"I hope you have not killed this one," said I, shuddering.

"No such good luck. He is crawling about by this time. But I should like to know, young woman," and the Doctor tried to speak sternly, "what you are doing in this part of the city, and at this time of night?"

"I was low-spirited, Doctor, and I thought I would walk off 'the blues.' I was not conscious how far I had gone until I saw it growing dark."

"And who told you that prowling about the streets alone was a remedy for low spirits? Never get into the dumps at all, and if you do, just go and hang yourself at once. But speaking of hanging reminds me of that scamp. Where did you pick him up, and who is he?"

"His name is Croland. He was teacher of elocution at Linden Hall. Just as I was about returning home to-night he accosted me. I was glad to see him, as he reminded me of some pleasant associations connected with school-life. He proposed to accompany me home, and I assented joyfully, as I was afraid to go alone. When we reached the place where you found me, I felt sick and fatigued, and sat down to rest awhile, and there I made him very angry with some remarks I made. He is very irritable and eccentric."

"I suppose I am not to hear the 'remarks?'"

"I would rather not repeat them, but perhaps you heard them, for you came upon us very suddenly."

"Not so suddenly as you suppose. I generally tread very lightly, but had you not both been making 'remarks' rather loudly, you would have heard me. I had been visiting a patient at Mr. Thorne's. Coming down the walk, I heard loud voices, and I instantly recognized one of them as yours. Curiosity prompted me to go to the spot. I only heard your last words, and without more ado knocked the fellow down and seized you. The next time you take it into that wise little head of yours to discard your lovers, I hope you will do it in Mr. Lane's house. I thought I was demolishing an insolent scamp, and I expect I only gave a quietus to a too ardent swain."

"You are entirely mistaken," said I, amused at the turn he had given to the affair. "So far from being a lover of mine, he was trying to make me promise to leave Mr. Lane's, and return to a lover he imagines I have in New England."

"Ah, yes; I understand. He wants to get you as far from Allan as he can, so that he may have a wide field for himself. I think you had better take Allan, and quiet all the other lovers of yours."

How those careless, jesting words pained my heart. Allan was dead to me. And then I thought with deep shame how I had betrayed to Mr. Croland my deep love for Allan. How very strange that this man should penetrate my most secret thoughts!

Miss Ogden and Kate both met us at the door. They had both become alarmed at my long absence.

"Here is the runaway!" cried the Doctor, lifting me from the carriage. "I picked her up, and have been giving her a ride."

I appreciated his kindness in making this statement, which was true as far as it went. They supposed he had been delayed visiting his patients, and so I escaped questioning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

REVERIE OF IANEARLESS.

JOY IN MYSTERY.

That was life, in its deepest significance—a life of light and hope, of joy and gladness. There were no shadows, no darkness, no gloom, but perpetual sunshine, without its shadows, joy without its gloom—light, beautiful and changeless. There was no sound, save that of melody—no whisper, whether from earth or air, but of song and gladness. It was a world, too, of beauty and bloom—no tempest obscured the beauty of its sky, or ruffled the bosom of its waters. A perpetual song of gladness arose from its sacred shrines and temples, while an unceasing anthem of joy, swelled from hearts made glad by the unchanging beauty of its earth and sky, and the reign of light and love.

Its spring was perpetual. The music from its fountains and its bowers, from its deep valleys and its high mountains, never ceased. The sombre shadows of its night, and the light of its moon and its stars, gave beauty and charm to the repose that rested over its streams and its deep recesses, while from its silence and its calm would come low murmurs and soft whispers, and deep breathings of nature in its quiet slumbers.

Every voice told of peace and safety. Its gushing fountains were but emblematical of the purity and gladness of happy hearts. Its undying blossoms told of their perpetual freshness, while the echo of each sound and whisper was but the rehearsal of an unceasing song of joy and gladness. Such, and more than this, was that world of beauty that I inhabited. But many long, lonely years of silence and solitude have passed since that life was mine; of solitude, did I say? Of solitude, but not of dreariness. Of solitude and happiness—happiness! Is happiness found in solitude such as mine? A solitude, without the light of earth, without a voice from time to time to break upon its silence, without a whisper of congenial spirits, a sound or note of melody to disturb the monotony? Even so. Though its light and its bloom have departed, its sounds of music and its songs are hushed; though I am conscious that around me a world of beauty and gladness blooms; yet within there is light and peace. I know there must be light without, and the flowers still bloom, and spring still gladdens the earth, but not for me; for a kind but mysterious Providence has veiled these from my vision. No longer do I see the blossoms of spring, the beautiful sky, and the clouds and the sunset; no longer do I see the smiling face, and the joy of youth and manhood; no longer do I hear the sound of sweet voices and the echo of advancing footsteps, for I rest in darkness and silence. The murmur of fountains, the song of birds; and above all, the music of gentle voices, no longer greets my ear; for the silence that enshrouds me is broken only by the deep, unalterable breathings of the inner, the spiritual life. No voice from the land of men disturbs its deep repose; no whisper floats in its solitude. It is a deep stillness, a profound darkness; yet there is light, but not from the sun or the stars. There are sounds and whispers, but not from earth; heard only in the deep, hidden shrines of the heart.

To me the world is voiceless and without light, silent and calm, as if locked in the repose of its dawn, ere the spirit of life moved upon the face of its waters, or blushed in its new-born beauties; voiceless as when, in the solitude of its creation, it stood begirt with darkness and silence and deep night. But the world, I am conscious, must be beautiful still; its light has not departed from it; but from *me*; its sweet sounds, its gentle voices, have not gone from it, but they have gone from *me*. It is not probable that the great and good Being, who rules the world and the stars, and gave life and light to all things, has taken away them from earth; but has only dimmed my vision. It is not supposable that he has hushed the murmur of the fountains, the melody of birds, and the sweet notes of happy voices; he may have only stopped *my ears*, to these sweet sounds. It still blooms for others, and it whispers to them of light and hope, but they are to me mysterious. I rest in darkness and silence. No light steals upon me from the darkness that seems without, no voice of gladness now greets me from earth; but whispers and images of hope still inhabit the heart.

Though the ear is closed to sounds of earthly melody, and time has dimmed my sight; though I dwell in darkness and silence, and a deep mystery hangs over the world without; yet, there is light within. When I attempt to search out the mystery of darkness and silence, and from cause to effect, trace its philosophy, it is mysterious still. The silence that pervades the exterior world becomes more lonely; its solitude remains unbroken by a sound, or a whisper; a mystery is over the darkness, the silence and the calm that rest around. But in retiring within myself, I find light and hope. Though the light of the world *was* bright, and its voices *were* sweet; yet, this light is brighter and its whispers are more gentle. When I recall to memory the words of *that blessed volume*, treasured up in the days of light and sound, ere the darkness had come over me, and the sounds had departed; when it reminds me of the inheritance of "the pure in heart," and the home of the blessed; then I know the time will come when the darkness that is around me shall become light, when the silence shall be superseded by songs of melody, and an eternal day shall rest upon all who are "faithful." Though before this darkness and silence came over me, the world was bright and beautiful with light and verdure; yet there will be another world, where darkness shall flee away, and silence shall be disturbed by songs of the "redeemed." There will be flowers of perpetual bloom, and bright scenes of gladness shall ever refresh the sight. There will be life without darkness, joy and song without end. There the mystery that hangs over the darkness and silence of the world shall be revealed, and a day of light and love, without end, make glad its happified spirits. And these hopes and visions and whispers, as they come from that land of perpetual light, steal upon the silence and solitude of a blind old man, whose ear can catch no sound, no whisper of earth, and enable him to find joy in the mystery of his being. G.

Humanity Hall, Va., 1858.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper.—Philada.]

OLD LETTERS.

BY GRACE LIVINGSTON.

"Come they from sinner or from saint," what matter? The rain, dull and Novemberish, drips from the eaves, and there is diffused about me the atmosphere of dreams peculiar to such a day.

I have wandered, unquiet as a ghost, from room to room, and finally abandoned books and work to possess myself of the contents of this old, old trunk, whose beauty and usefulness are things of the past. As my fingers turn the yellow parcels of letters traced by many an unfamiliar hand, I sigh to think that a life may thus condense itself, its trials and triumphs, its details of happiness or sorrow into the few faded lines which I review when all is over.

And I love these phantom friends, whose names are familiar household words, but whose faces faded from earth long before our own looked into it. There are obstacles to our making ideals of those with whom we are daily associated—the tangible realities of practical existence, but the mystic halo which enshrines the memory of the departed, the chilling breath of years cannot dispel. Hark! how the wind sighs, and the blinds creak moaningly! Am I trespassing on forbidden ground? Pardon, respected shades of my unknown ancestry. I affirm, that not idle curiosity alone leads me thus to bend over the pages unrolled before me. After long and patient research into the family archives, and puzzled readings of their literature, I am inclined to the opinion that human nature developes very few fresh experiences of joy or sorrow. "There is nothing new under the sun," the sated king of a glittering dynasty bitterly exclaimed; and in every soul that has wrought out its heavenly peace through temptation and suffering in ages since, we trace a similar faith, that the Divine essence of eternal youth rises above all worldly pleasures.

I have discovered a journal, most sacred of all human productions—a pen and ink sketch of the owner, with a few pathetic lines—invoking all the charity and kindliness extant, for its heedless, talented and "fast" author prefaces this precious volume: "Shall I borrow a leaf for your instruction, my young lady reader?" Ah, well! what signify the events which moulded the name and character when both had passed into oblivion? and the list of those other names adorning the sheets, as they rustle softly apart, the

"Marys, and Annes, or Elizas;
Lovely and loving of yore."

What matter if eulogium or criticism lingers upon their respective eyes and noses, unless mankind has strangely altered, we may rest assured, that the aforesaid damsels succeeded each other in the heart of the writer, with all imaginable rapidity!

Still another bundle of suspicious size and appearance, every inch of room so carefully improved, interlined and cross-barred, and long drawn out. May I sound the depth and height of these superannuated love letters? Frail types of an early dream! I cannot profane their sacredness so cruelly; let them pass into dust, precious as the scented memory of a spring violet.

It is odd enough, when time has fairly tested these human emotions, and turned them into some straight, calm channel, to wander back to its source, and see how rugged and passionate was the current, that now, like a bright river, journeys on in peace.

Still upon the roof patters the wintry rain, and the wind is sighing at the casement a kind of requiem. So I will hide them away, these quaint, sad memorials of vanished lives. "*Requiescat in pace*," one and all, known and unknown. Life flows above you, as if you had never sailed upon it, but so life serves us all; and the grandest of beings, when extinct, leaves but a bubble on the surface.

But like the sweetness of some treasured flower,
Which speaks of beauty when its bloom is past,
That whispers of some radiant young hour,
When Time his shadows on our way hath cast,
A legacy of purest thought and feeling
These faded leaflets to my heart shall be;
Much of life's mystery silently revealing,
When the veil parting sets its spirit free!

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

AN ANGEL WHISPER.

BY INDIA.

Softly! softly! Keep back the bitter words! Still the uprising temples! Stay the angry torrent! Great Heaven! You are on the verge of a frightful abyss! In fierce conflict with your worst foe! Never falter! Yield not an inch! Silent—firm—determined—prayerful! You shall yet conquer the enemy! Nay—waver a moment and you are lost! Listen not! 'Tis the voice of the tempter! His breath scorches your cheek! His eye is magnetic!—Look away!—courage! It is the last effort—down! down with the demon! Thank God, you are safe!

Aye! 'twas a fearful struggle! Those were bitter words indeed! Wormwood is sweet—gall is honey, in comparison. The storm was terrible in thy heart, and that tempest would have burst in all its fury on the defenceless head. That burning torrent would have scathed the heart of—a little child! Ha! I wonder not that you turn pale with apprehension. I marvel not that you tremble with fear, now that the angels have rolled away the mists from your vision. Nay! it would be a miracle could you gaze now into the clear blue eyes of the innocent whom you have so cruelly wronged.

A little child! Few summers have passed over his baby head—the form is lithe and graceful. The beautiful limbs an artist might delight to copy. That fair white brow, the clustering curls, the round dimpled cheek, that sweet rosebud mouth, those glittering pearls, those eyes—eye! Heaven is there! The child is not so long away from Eden that their brightness hath been dimmed.

Yes, there are tears! The sweet face is troubled; the brow is shadowed; the grieved lips tremble with their weight of sorrow. A strange, wondering expression of doubt and disappointment veil the glory-beams of those heaven-tinted eyes!

It is your work! The evil spirit looked into that fair, sweet face, before you had the courage to hurl it from your presence. The atmosphere was pure in which the child angel lived. You have to-night the storm and tempest! Nay, speak not, until the old sweetness once more thrill through your voice. Until every discordant tone is banished by the heavensome harmony! Until every trace of passion is effaced from your heart. Until the Christ-love fills all your heart with divine tenderness for the motherless boy!

God help him! 'Tis a thorny path his young feet have so lately entered! Oh, by a mother's holy love add not to his inheritance of sorrow. Remember, 'tis a sacred presence in which you stand—beautiful, innocent childhood. Very lowly in the dust repent thee of thy hateful passion! Let sorrowing tears blot out the record of this mournful hour! How shall you keep this jewel bright for the Master's diadem? Oh, learn the lesson from a little child! Remember, there angels do always behold the face of our Father in Heaven!

HOME COURTESIES.

A correspondent gives us this experience:—"I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfriendly world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families in which I made my home, in the course of about nine years, there were only three or four that could be properly designated as happy families, and the source of trouble was not so much the lack of love as lack of care to manifest it." The closing words of this sentence gives the fruitful source of family alienations, of heart-aches innumerable, of sad faces and gloomy home circles. "Not so much the lack of love as lack of care to manifest it." What a world of misery is suggested by this brief remark. Not over three or four happy homes in twenty, and the cause is manifest, and so easily remedied! Ah, in the "small, sweet courtesies of life," what power resides. In a look, a word, a tone, how much of happiness or disquietude may be communicated. Think of it, reader, and take the lesson *home* with you.—*Ladies' Home Mag.*

GOODNESS.—The wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one—sweetens the summer atmosphere—and ripples the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt; and, from its effects upon surrounding things, we are sure of its existence.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, February 27, 1861.

PRAYING FOR PRESIDENTS

It is singularly remarkable how our political troubles have brought out our statesmen to an acknowledgment of the need of Divine aid to guide the affairs of State rightly at this juncture. Mr. Buchanan appointed a day of public humiliation, the 4th of January, to pray that civil war might be averted. Fanatics, both North and South, ridiculed the idea, but the great body of our best citizens of all opinions joined in its observance. And worthy of remark it is, how singularly and against and beyond all human hope and expectation, *not one drop of blood* has yet been shed.

At this moment it seems impossible, or nearly so, that this country should settle down peacefully again, and from Maine to Florida and Louisiana become one people, with a true allegiance to the same government. Mr. Lincoln's task is to attempt to produce this state of things; it is his official duty to attempt to reconcile, and be President of the whole people, giving to all sections and parties a fair and constitutional expression of their preferences, and upholding that Constitution. Two months ago it was declared absolutely impossible that the votes should be counted on the 13th. Yet Mr. Breckenridge, the Senate and the House nobly performed their duty without interruption from without or the slightest treachery within. There need be no apprehension now of trouble on the 4th of March. And all the threatened attacks of the secessionists, will only cause a better preserved and more peacefully strong and firm union of all true patriots. Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Lincoln, Judge Taney and General Scott, will all help to show the world that our Government stands firmer than ever in the hearts of good men of all parties.

What Mr. Lincoln's course will be we do not pretend to know, and, indeed, he intimates, in his speech before the Ohio Legislature, that he is not certain himself—but has kept silence that he may have liberty "to modify or change his future policy as the course of events may dictate." But his course is none the less likely to be overruled and guided to the highest and best ends of statesmanship on that account. That is to say *above* his wisdom, or that of any man or any earthly party or power, is One whose providence shapes the destiny of nations most markedly at times, in exigencies such as these. And it is, we say, worthy of remark how much these times have brought *both* the Presidents, the retiring and the incoming one, to seek for a Divine guidance of our affairs.

None who heard it, will ever forget the earnest, simple and sincere manner in which Mr. Lincoln, on leaving the home where his children were born, and where some of them lay buried, besought his old neighbors and friends to "pray that he might receive that Divine aid, without which," he well says, "I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain." And we trust that the echo of those voices which replied "we will pray for you, we will do it—we will do it," will extend throughout the whole land and all parties.

It is not praying for a party, but for good government, that we need. Even Washington never had so difficult a task, and Franklin, the philosopher, when almost all hope of forming the present constitution was abandoned, proposed that custom of opening the deliberations of each day with prayer, and made remarks on that occasion which, for sound philosophy, free from all cant on such a solemn subject, will be read and pondered over at least as long as this Constitution shall last. Indeed it may safely be said that while the thoughts he there expresses shall live in the hearts and actions of the people of these United States, they will ever remain one people.

In a private letter written in London on the fourth of January—the day of humiliation in this country, an English gentleman, writing to a friend living in the South, says (we are permitted to quote from the manuscript,) "This day is much thought of in England; much blessing is hoped for by its observance. The agitation now affecting the United States vibrates through all Europe, but especially in this country, from the many near relations that exist in blood, to say nothing of other less important connexions of finance or commerce. I determined not to let this day pass without spending a portion of it as near to you as possible." How matters are to be all settled, we know not, but in Providence we have every hope.

COMMON SENSE.

There are many persons thoughtlessly given to depreciating common sense. For the reputation of a few brilliant qualities, they sacrifice that wisdom in little things, without which there can be no success in life, and rarely even happiness. They would rather have it said, "he has every sense but common sense," than be complimented, even by the most intelligent, for the possession of that homely quality. And yet, why do they despise it? Is it because nearly everybody has it? Nothing can be a greater error. Common sense, in its perfection, is one of the rarest gifts to man. Thousands, who are sensible and prudent on most subjects, have yet some special hobby, on which they are nearly insane. Tens of thousands more seem to be incapable of deciding about the ordinary affairs of life correctly. Great lawyers, eloquent preachers and profound savans can be counted by the scores, who are unfit to manage business, educate their discipline, or even take care of what they earn.

Is it but common sense is good sense applied to insignificant things? But the things are not insignificant. It is by these despised little things that prosperity and happiness are made up. In a wife, the common sense that will enable her to understand her husband's character, and to make his home a pleasant one to him, is vastly more valuable than fine accomplishments or showy intellectual qualities. In a mother, it tells her how to manage her children's different dispositions, so as to make all alike honorable men or virtuous women. So also, to a husband or partner, common sense is everything. Brilliant talents may benefit us occasionally, may even, in some professions, lead to fortune; but the greatest genius, if he has not common sense, is miserable at heart. He is always getting into debt, offending his friends, doing some silly thing, or making his family unhappy. Wine has been praised by certain poets as a sort of nectar for the gods. But water, even they admit, is best for every-day use. So it is with common sense.

Common sense, in truth, is everyday wisdom. It is impossible to have it without also having a sound judgment. The two terms, indeed, are almost synonymous. But he who has a sound judgment often only needs a wider sphere to become, instead of a private citizen distinguished for common sense, a great captain, a great legislator, or a great patriot. Hampden, Cromwell and Washington had all reached middle age before they became famous; but prior to this they had been remarkable, among their neighbors, for common sense. It was the application to larger affairs of that careful collection of facts, that many-sided consideration of a subject, which they had been accustomed to exhibit in little things, that raised them, when the opportunity presented itself, to that commanding position which has made their names historical. Had the first Napoleon possessed, in addition to his vast genius, a little more common sense; had he been less impulsive, less of a fatalist, less reckless, he might have died in the Tuileries, instead of St. Helena; he might have won Waterloo, instead of losing it.

Common sense may be cultivated, a very common notion to the contrary notwithstanding. For though some men are born with more wit than others, it may be developed like any other intellectual quality. A Judge, who has been on the Bench for many years, is better, all things being the same, than one who has just been elevated to it. Practice, it has been well said, makes perfect. A blacksmith who has been pounding iron for half a lifetime, has a brawnier arm than his young apprentice. Let a man begin at twenty-one, deciding carefully on little things, and what was at first a labor will soon become an instinct, till, at last, he who started with comparatively no common sense at all, will end with a well deserved reputation for it. It would be better for the happiness and prosperity of individuals, as well as for society at large, if common sense was cultivated more, for to a greater degree than anything else it enters into the composition of good citizens, good members of the family, good men and good women.

Overly Sensitive.—Some of our countrymen who have been "abroad" seem to regard our present political position as a deplorable and humiliating one, less on account of the distress it produces at home than the opinion which European governments will hereafter have of us. If this is all the trouble we shall have from secession, our distress would not be very great. If we can stand disruption, Europe will have no difficulty in standing it. If we are satisfied with reconstruction, it matters very little what Europe may think about it. Our efforts should be to put our political affairs in a position to please ourselves, and never mind what others may think of us. Our Government will always be respected just in proportion to our ability to make it respected. There is nothing humiliating in civil discord. Every country has been subjected to such disturbances. The only humiliation will be in not settling our political troubles according to the spirit which established the Government, that of compromise and the common good. The failure to do so will prove that the spirit of party is stronger than the spirit of patriotism, and that the national mind is sunk in narrow sectionalism, instead of being governed by the large catholic feeling which established constitutional government, and laid the foundations of the Republic.

They have taken about 400,000 tons of ice from the Hudson this winter.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

The annals of literature are full of examples of domestic unhappiness. It has been said, in consequence, that there is an inevitable antagonism between men of genius and the every-day life of the family. Milton, Shakspeare, and hosts of others, either separated from their wives, or felt the matrimonal tie a burden. It is impossible, in the face of the many instances on record, to attribute the infelicity, in such cases, to the conduct of the woman. The more rational conclusion is to lay it at the door of the husband. But to account for his behavior, on the ground that men of genius, from the constitution of their minds, are incapable of putting up with the mere petty annoyances of life, is virtually to libel literature. There is really nothing, in genius or talent, which necessarily produces domestic infelicity.

It may be said, we know, that poverty, a peevish wife, or ill-disciplined children, are too much for the sensitiveness of the poet, novelist, or artist. But wherefore? Are poets, novelists, or artists of different blood from others? Have we not all nerves? Do we not all, naturally, shrink from what is unpleasant? Is beggary delightful to anybody? Are peevish wives, or spoiled children, loveable *per se?* Let us look this matter honestly in the face! Who is there, if he would give up to selfish temptations, that would not fly from an untidy house, a querulous helpmate, or a brood of unlicensed offspring? It is only by remembering what is duty, by practising a severe self-discipline, that a man learns to bear these things, when, unhappily, they cross his path. No husband ever chooses, of his own free will, a sick wife, a noisy nursery, poverty, or disorder. It is by conquering obstacles, not by yielding to them, that moral greatness is achieved. And to this law, men of genius, in common with other men, are inexorably held by nature.

We have spoken, so far, as if the discomforts of the household originated in all cases, irrespective of the man of genius. In point of fact, however, the husband, oftener than the wife, is their cause. If rooms are disordered, if children are unruly, if the sweet-tempered girl has been changed into an irritable woman, it is, in most cases, because there has been neglect on the husband's part, of nearly all the duties of his position. The woman whom he swore to love and cherish has been over-tasked by cares that he should have shared with her, but which he has selfishly left to her alone. Or she has found, after a brief, delicious honey-moon, that she has been almost forgotten, that she has become less to him for whom she has sacrificed everything, than his last poem, or novel or picture. The female heart, like a flower, requires sunshine, or it dies. Alas! many a woman mated to a man of genius has been made a slattern or termagant by the want of sympathy and love, when, if she had been treated otherwise, she might have developed into a fit companion even for a man of genius.

For the possibilities of the human character are great in proportion to its adaptiveness; and the distinguishing feature of woman is precisely this very adaptiveness. No! it is not because there is a necessary antagonism between men of genius and domestic life, that so many poets and painters have been unhappy in their married relation; but because literary men, because artists, because men of genius generally, are, above all other men, intensely vain and selfish. We will not deny that there is much in the career of such persons to make them so. But this does not affect the argument. For every man, whatever his profession, has temptations peculiar to it; and the world condemns him, remorselessly, if he succumbs to those temptations. Why should men of genius be exempt from the common penalty? Each path in life has its besetting sin. Or rather, each man has to work out his own deliverance, to achieve his own victory over his inherent selfishness.

WHAT DO THEY GAIN BY IT?

What profit is there in disunion? The Montgomery Convention has adopted a provisional Constitution which the telegraph informs us is the same as that of the United States, with one or two un- important exceptions. So far as we can see, the chief points of difference are:

First, that escaped fugitives are to be captured by the State authorities of that State in which they are supposed to be harbored, and in case of failure to use due diligence, they are to be made to pay the whole expense. Such a plan would not afford half the security to the slaveholder that the compromise act of 1850 does in any State not favorable to the rendition of fugitives. Where slaves are rescued, or any violation of law in face and defiance of the legal authorities, the county or State ought to be made to pay all expenses, and our State would not object to that. But if the legal authorities themselves did not choose to find a fugitive, how then? If in such case they were liable, who is to judge? At present every slave passes through the Border States that comes from North Carolina or Tennessee, or beyond, into Pennsylvania or Ohio, on his way to Canada. Yet no one in the Cotton States complains of them, or considers them answerable, or that they ought to be made liable to pay.

Another peculiarity of the new arrangement is that it is only provisional, and liable at the end of a year, or when any new Confederation or Constitution is adopted, to be all upset. Of course there can be nothing binding or permanent arranged with such a body. It is not certain that in less than a year this Provisional Constitution, like the United States', will not give way to the old Confederation, and if, in the mean time, the Montgomery Convention should make any unsatisfactory arrangement as to the forts or other public property, which South Carolina claims, the United States may find that they have been laying hold of a rope of sand, or of a sort of body that only had a twelve months' lease of power, while the freehold property is still claimed and re-claimed by the States, with at least as much show of justice as before a Confederation of the States was formed.

The rule against the African slave trade is, in fact, a mere resolution for twelve months, to win over, if possible, the border States. It certainly gives no *new* advantage to the secessionists, but will soon divide them.

As to taxes, no one doubts that they must be much heavier than at present. In fact, there will be an attempt to try direct taxation, as well as a free tariff, like that of the United States, and a pretty heavy debt besides. The direct taxes will be laid in proportion to the number of slaves, just as the voting power is augmented by them, which is an experiment never yet practically tried by the United States. In fact, so far as we see, slavery gains absolutely nothing, but it loses everything by the new arrangement. It loses the fugitive slave law with the North, *in toto*, directly it is acknowledged. It has no fleet, and what few ships of commerce it might possess, would be at the mercy of every foreign government.

In the Charleston Mercury of the 11th, we find a curious confession from its European correspondent, that its course has altogether failed to raise respect for it in the eyes of European governments, despotic or liberal. In fact, they admit that the Southern States are now esteemed semi-barbarians, and say that they are bound by their courage and successful fighting with the North, to prove that they are entitled to the respect of the old world as a civilized nation. Well, this is all queer logic, and it is not long before, in the South, they will see that the whole affair has been a wretched mistake.

THE SOUTHERN CONVENTION.

The inauguration of a new nation out of half a dozen seceding States does not receive the unanimous support from the people of the new Confederacy which we should look for from those who are said to be determined to try their political fortunes separately from the Union. There are journals in the seceding States whose voice of censure of the act of secession cannot be hushed, and back of that censure there must be a public sentiment sufficient to justify and sustain its public expression. The people in the towns and cities, accustomed to self-government, do not rest contented with the sudden imposition upon them of a government established without being submitted to their action, and formed by a Congress not elected by them. This practical abnegation of their rights as electors creates well founded apprehensions in their minds that the Government is fast verging into an oligarchy in which there will hereafter be no recognition of their political rights at all. "The consent of the governed," a doctrine insisted upon so strenuously by the seceding States as the justification of secession, is not regarded as an essential principle for their own citizens when the States come to act separately for themselves. This inconsistency is too glaring not to attract attention, and create suspicion of some ulterior purpose in withholding acts so important, from the judgment which a popular verdict would pass upon them. The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle takes the ground that no act of the Montgomery Congress is binding till it has the people's approval. The claim is, that the people should be satisfied, that the Montgomery Congress is going beyond its powers, and that the action there will produce strife and dissension. The delegates to the Convention, it is asserted, were appointed irregularly, not by the people, but by State Conventions, and their appointment, as was understood, was for consultation, and not for permanent action. It is stated, also, that the people will meet the action with indignant rejection. The Natchez (Miss.) Courier says, the news of Davis' appointment as President is received with no manifestations of pleasure. Regret was the general sentimen of the citizens. It adds:

"There was no sound of rejoicing here at Natchez, either on account of the formation of such a Southern Confederacy, or the appointment of such rulers. The words sprung too often from one to another, 'Are we to have no showing? Are the people to have no choice? Can a convention alter Constitutions? impose taxes? appoint Constitution makers? inaugurate Presidents? Are they oligarchs, and are we nothing?' And each citizen had to confess that there was no reply to these questions. We live under an oligarchy that has not yet dared to trust the people with a say as to its consent Right as the South is upon the great question at issue, its position has been compromited by the events of the last two months. The consent of the governed is an essential element of government. The people of the South west might have voted for all that has been done, but their consent has not yet been either asked or obtained."

This talk does not look like a "unanimous sentiment of the people to sustain a Southern Confederacy." Mr. Bouligny, of New Orleans, who remains in his place in the House, "performing his duties every day, and refusing to recognize secession or leave Congress, unless called home by his district, declares that the seceding States cannot live out of the Union three months longer, and believes his course will be sustained by the people when their passions have subsided. Indeed, he believes they would even do so now." The popular vote of Louisiana on secession, it is said, shows a Union majority of 380. Mr. Bouligny receives assurances from his constituents that his course is highly approved in his district.

NAPOLEON'S SPEECH.

There is this difference between Queen Victoria's speech and that of Louis Napoleon's; the former is constructed with such rigid impartiality, in order that the Crown never may be mixed up with party politics, that it says nothing of the slightest moment, but what it was well known beforehand that it would be sure to say and must say. Exactly the reverse of this is the characteristic, from necessity, of Napoleon's speeches. There is with him, as there was with his uncle, weight in every word he utters. All common places are omitted. All that it could be taken for granted he would say, is not said, while just all that would be least expected, and cause him to take the initiative of every great movement, that is just what he does say.

Which of these systems is intrinsically the best, who shall tell? Perhaps one is best for one nation and the other for the other. In France such a speech as that made by the Queen would have been so tame and indicated so lifeless and inert a government, that it would have been attacked instantly, and the administration, if not the reigning family, driven into exile. On the other hand, it is quite certain that such a speech as that of Napoleon would have instantly and justly caused the downfall of any English Queen or King. The Emperor himself attacks the Constitution of the Government which he himself inaugurated, and through which he has been ruling France, for the past ten years, with the most unsparing severity—a severity, in fact, which would have caused the suppression of any French journal which should have dared to suggest such sentiments. He admits that thus far, the only manifestation of the sentiments of the Senators and deputies has been "by a simple paraphrase of the speech from the throne," while now he tells them that "in an address" they will "be able to manifest their sentiments upon passing events by the free and sincere expression of their opinion." Hitherto he says the laws were "not always discussed according to their real value, but with a view to the chance which adoption or rejection might offer *for maintaining or subverting a ministry.*" Henceforth every law is to be prepared by *a council of enlightened men*, (which, of course, therefore, the rest of the Legislature are *not*, in his view).

But the grand remedy for all existing evils is a legislative corps "directly appointed by universal suffrage." This is to discuss laws with the most entire liberty. But they can originate nothing, and their rejection of it "does not oblige the sovereign to take, for counsellors, men who do not enjoy his confidence." That is, it does not oblige him to change his ministers, nor even his measures. "It is a notification which the government takes into account." But how much such a notification is to count, we are not told. The most astonishing impudence of the whole of this procedure is that it is openly and avowedly of the Emperor's sole dictation by decree, changing the most fundamental portions of the constitution, and while professing to allow universal suffrage, giving the deputies elected no power of controling the government, and placing every sort of legislative liberty and right at the mercy of any decree the Emperor may at any moment utter. In fact, this new constitution is like that at Montgomery, drawn up so as, under forms the most specious, quietly to take all power most effectually out of the hands of the people and put the most absolute powers into the hands of a few self elected leaders, sustained by the despotic use of powder and steel.

We are not surprised that the French Rentes and the English Funds should be affected by a speech of so extraordinary a character, one that comes so completely in opposition to all expectation and to all that had been promised and predicted, one not submitted in any way to the people for ratification or approval, and one which, following on the heels of such large promised reforms and abolition of passport laws, will disappoint the more as being so contrary to all the best parts of the English Constitution.

THE "MAJORITY SHOULD RULE."

One political principle with Mr. Lincoln is that the "majority should rule." This axiom he is continually repeating on all occasions, when, publicly called to address the citizens. In a popular government this rule certainly ought to be a sound one, being recognized as one of its fundamental principles. But it is singular that Mr. Lincoln and his friends both fail to recognize the force of this principle practically in their public action. It is a well established fact that the Republican party now hold power as a minority party. The returns of the Presidential election show that three-fifths of the voters of this country were opposed to his election. The events which have occurred since that election have tended to increase the number of people opposed to the principles of his party. Now all this great majority of the legal voters of the land ask that measures shall be adopted by the Republicans which shall quiet the country, and prevent any more States dropping from the Union. It is in the power of the Republicans at any moment to put an end to the present state of affairs, so disastrous to the best interests of the country, and so distressing to large bodies of its industrial operatives. A word from Mr, Lincoln himself in favor of compromise measures, would at any moment re-establish confidence, and restore amity and good feeling.

But, so far, there is not the least approach towards conciliatory measures. In Congress nothing but force bills is talked of, which are proper enough in their place, but ought to follow, and not precede conciliatory action; nothing is proposed to settle the present difficulties, and, from all appearances, will not be. Even in the Congress, met for peace purposes, the ultra Republicans oppose any satisfactory compromise, and fears are strongly expressed that nothing will grow out of that Congress likely to heal the present troubles. Therefore, practically, Mr. Lincoln and his party ignore the principle which they profess should be the governing one. The majority are denied their wishes. So far from ruling they are powerless, as if they had no voice at all in the Government. The two-fifths minority hold them in subjection entirely to their will. Either Mr. Lincoln should cease to exalt the majority principle as the controlling one, or he should at once conform his action to his principle, and ask of his party to yield to the demands of the people, and go for compromise.

The New Orleans Custom House.—There seems to have been some misunderstanding in regard to the collections of duties at New Orleans. Some of the Western papers were under the impression that those who are in possession at present of the New Orleans Custom House would forward merchandise, destined for interior ports, as heretofore, the duties to be paid at the port of delivery. The following, from the St. Louis Democrat, shows, however, that this impression is erroneous, and that restrictions are placed on Southern commerce by the seceding Louisianians:

"We learn that from $5,000 to $10,000 worth of chains in casks, belonging to the firm of Child, Pratt & Fox, of St. Louis, have been seized and retained at New Orleans to secure the duties. The New Orleans collector will not let them pass unless the St. Louis collector will pay the amount of duties to him. Mr. Donovan, collector of this port, advises our merchants by card, that he has received instructions from the Department at Washington to advise the mercantile community in the Western ports, that *duties collected by the State of Louisiana, at New Orleans, will not be recognized by the General Government.*"

This position of affairs will not tend to increase the importing business in the seceding States.

The Military Defences of New Orleans do not appear to be very perfect. The Delta of that city says the Mississippi is very vulnerable, notwithstanding its forts, for one single steamer, with only two or three heavy guns, going into the port of New Orleans, would, in a few hours, destroy millions worth of property, or lay the city under a forced contribution of millions of dollars. In the present condition of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, any steamer can pass them in broad daylight, and that, even when in a proper condition for defence, they could not prevent the passage of one or more steamers during a dark or stormy night, without the assistance of a properly constructed raft or strong wire rope across the river between the two forts, so as to arrest the steamers.

The Bark Mendi.—This vessel is now taking in a cargo of goods in New York for Western Africa. She lately arrived at that port laden with African produce, of which forty-eight thousand gallons of palm oil, and fifty-two tons of camwood, are a portion. This vessel is now a regular trader in the colored firm of Johnson, Turpin & Dunbar. The success of these and other Liberians demonstrates the capacity of the race, and the rewards dispensed by Africa in return for commercial industry and skill.

Philadelphia Post-office.—The bids for the Philadelphia Post-office and Court House were opened at the Treasury department on Friday. There were twenty-three bids, and they were opened in the presence of Secretary Dix, Attorney General Stanton and Postmaster General King, who are to make the final award.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATE PROCEEDINGS.

On *Wednesday*, the House bill authorizing the Postmaster General to discontinue the mail service in those States where it is liable to be interfered with was debated. It was opposed by Southern members as a direct attempt to strike at the seceding States, and as a declaration of insurrection on the part of those States. Various amendments were suggested, but none of them were acted upon. The tariff bill was then taken up, and the amendments made on Tuesday in Committee were read and adopted, including the one reducing the duty on sugar, and placing one on tea and coffee. The bill was finally passed, 25 to 14.

On *Thursday*, the credentials of Mr. Clingman, re-elected Senator from North Carolina, were presented. The Senate resumed the consideration of the bill to discontinue the postal service in the seceding States, and the debate was continued by Messrs. Hunter, Doolittle, Powell, Fessenden, Wade, Douglas and Green. The latter proposed an amendment that the Postmaster General also suspend the mails in the States where they are any organizations for running off slaves. The Miscellaneous Appropriation bill was taken up, after which the Senate went into executive session. After the executive session the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill was taken up, and several amendments from the Committee of Finance were passed, when the Senate took a recess till 7 P. M. In the evening session the Crittenden resolutions were taken up and a speech delivered by Mr. Wilson, of Mass. The Senate adjourned upon the conclusion of his remarks.

On *Friday*, several petitions were read, and a number of private bills passed. The bill for the payment of California for the suppression of Indian hostilities was taken up, discussed till one o'clock, when it was postponed till to-day, and the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill taken up. Several amendments were offered, and a great deal of time was spent in discussing points of order as to the propriety of offering certain amendments. Without any definite action, the Senate adjourned.

On *Saturday*, Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, reported back the bill for the better organization of the militia of the District of Columbia. The Post Route bill was taken up and discussed on a motion for a Committee of Conference, but without action the matter was postponed. The bill for the payment of the expense incurred by California in the suppression of Indian hostilities was taken up and passed, as were also a resolution giving a quit claim to certain lands in Iowa, and a bill making payment for the suppression of Indian hostilities in Utah in 1853. The Miscellaneous Appropriation bill was taken up and several amendments passed. Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment which was ruled out of order, for the payment of $12,000 to Franklin Haven and associates for money deposited in relation to the removal of the Boston Post-office. An amendment was offered by Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, to carry out the order of the Senate to pay to the widow of ex-Senator Linn the mileage, &c., which was adopted. An amendment was offered by Mr. Dixon, of Connecticut, and ruled out of order, to pay $100,000 for the marble for the Custom-house at Charleston. An amendment was also offered by Mr. Sebastian, of Arkansas, and ruled out of order, to provide for the adjustment of the accounts of Brigham Young while ex-officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and payment of $32,000. After further consideration of the various amendments, Mr. Clark offered an amendment that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs be authorized to adjust the accounts of Brigham Young and make report, which was adopted. The bill was then reported to the Senate.

HOUSE PROCEEDINGS.

On *Wednesday*, the consideration of Mr. Stanton's Militia bill was resumed, and Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, made a speech in opposition to it, which occupied the morning hour. He considered the passage of the bill a foregone conclusion, and characterized it as a declaration of war. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, then addressed the House at considerable length—the report of the Committee of Thirty-three being under consideration—urging a settlement of the national troubles by conciliation and compromise, and the House subsequently passed to a debate upon the Senate's amendments to the Navy bill—the one providing for the building of seven steam sloops-of-war occupying attention until the adjournment, and being finally agreed upon by a vote of 111 to 38. The debate was extremely interesting, several gentlemen from the Border Slave States taking occasion during its progress to define their positions in reference to the question of the right and propriety of secession. An evening session was held for general debate.

On *Thursday*, the select committee to whom was referred the President's special message of the 8th of January, made a report as to stationing vessels in such a manner as to neglect the defence of the whole Atlantic coast, during the prevalence of lawless violence. The number of ships, they say, lying in port dismantled and unfit for service is twenty-eight, amounting in the aggregate to 874 guns. None of them could be repaired and put under sail short of several weeks' time, and many of them would require, for that purpose, at least six months. No order has been issued to put any of them in readiness. The committee discuss other subjects connected with the navy, and propose a resolution declaring that the Secretary of the Navy, in accepting, without delay or inquiry, the resignations of officers of the navy who were in arms against the government when tendering the same, and of those who sought to resign that they might be relieved from the restraint imposed by their commissions upon engaging in hostility to the constituted authorities of the nation, has committed a grave error, highly prejudicial to the discipline of the service, and injurious to the honor and efficiency of the navy, for which he deserves the censure of this House. Mr. Branch, of North Carolina, submitted a minority report. Mr. John Cochrane, of New York, also dissents from the views of the majority. Mr. Dawes gave notice that he will ask for a vote on the resolution on Monday or Tuesday next. The House resumed the consideration of Mr. Stanton's volunteer bill. Messrs. Bocock and Howard continued the discussion, after which the bill was postponed until Monday. The report of the House Crisis Committee was next considered. The Senate bill to pay the expenses incurred for the suppression of the Indian hostilities in Washington and Oregon territories during 1855 and 1856, was taken up, and the amount reduced from $3,400,000 to less than $3,000,000. Without any final action, the House adjourned.

On *Friday*, the 22d of February, the House was not in session.

On *Saturday*, the Oregon and Washington War Debt bill was passed. The Tariff bill, as amended by the Senate, was taken up by ayes 93, noes 26. The first Senate amendment, reducing the loan from twenty-one millions, was non-concurred in. After an earnest running debate the bill was postponed till Monday, and the House agreed to meet on Monday at 10 o'clock, the consideration of the bill to be continued in Committee of the Whole till 1 o'clock, when such amendments as may have been acted on shall be reported to the House for its action.

MR. LINCOLN AT WASHINGTON.

Mr. Lincoln took the public by surprise, by quietly quitting his hotel in Harrisburg, returning to Philadelphia by special train, and immediately departing for Washington, over the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore road. His family went on direct from Harrisburg. Of course, all sorts of rumors and "startling disclosures" accompanied this change of programme in the journey of the President elect. The sensation reporters at Washington will have it that the change was produced by a "diabolical plot" to run the cars off the track and kill Mr. Lincoln, or by blowing up the cars with grenades placed under the track, or by assassination from a mob of desperadoes in Baltimore. Nothing less than death in a variety of horrible forms could satisfy the appetite of the enterprising gentlemen who do the sensation reports over the telegraph. It is quite possible that Mr. Lincoln had some personal fears in regard to his safety, but it is probable political reasons caused his sudden departure. The change in his journey must have been rather to avoid delay from public receptions, than any supposition that his life was in danger, for he suffered his friends, whose lives were probably as dear to him as his own, to go forward as originally announced, and their safe arrival at Baltimore, and subsequently at Washington, proves how idle were the reports of damage to the train, or blowing up of it by grenades.

The fact that Mr. Lincoln went immediately to see the President on his arrival at Washington, and that he was summoned to that city by Mr. Seward, afforded strong reasons for believing that political reasons induced his sudden departure from Harrisburg. The Republican party at Washington is not harmonious or united. Mr. Seward inclines to a peaceful adjustment of the present difficulties, but he is hampered by the opposition he meets with in his own State, from those who work to keep him out of the Cabinet, and by the ultra Republicans, who do not wish any measure of conciliation, because they believe that Mr. Lincoln stands firm upon the Chicago platform. Nearly ever member of Congress, it is said, is an applicant for Presidential favors, and hence they all are fully as ultra as they suppose Mr. Lincoln to be. A correspondent of the New York Post, writing from Washington on the 22d, says:

"I have never known the time when so large a proportion of the legislative branch of the government were open applicants for Executive favor. This and the impression which exists that Mr. Lincoln is opposed to any form of compromise makes members firm who ne'er were firm before, and creates obstacles to the settlement of our difficulties which ten words from the lips of Mr. Lincoln would dispel in a moment. Little doubt is felt among those who are best informed of the state of affairs here, that when the President comes to know all the facts—as but one or two beside himself in Washington can possibly know them—he will at once dispel the morbid illusions of the statesmen from the border States in regard to his position, and give his assent to some of the several propositions pending before the Convention and before Congress; to several of which nearly every member of the latter body is already willing and ready to give his individual assent. A few hours' sojourn in Washington will put the President in possession of the facts; and it is believed that his most confidential and reliable advisers will have no difficulty in agreeing at once upon a line of policy which will prove entirely acceptable to the Union States."

If the motives of his departure were political, it gives hope that, on learning the true situation of affairs at Washington, his policy will be found less uncompromising than some of his ultra supporters expect, and that he may be ready, in his inaugural address, to present a line of policy which will prove satisfactory to the States in the Union, and lead to the re-establishment of confidence in the Government, and peace and good-will between the now opposing sections of the country.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The arrival of the America at Halifax supplies us with European advices to the afternoon of the 10th instant. The most interesting item of intelligence is the announcement by the British Government of its views in regard to the Anderson extradition case; Lord Palmerston stating in Parliament the instructions sent to the Governor General of Canada, which forbade the surrender of the prisoner without express orders from London, and declaring his belief that no British jury could find the prisoner guilty of murder, and that therefore a surrender under the treaty was not likely to occur. This announcement loses none of its importance, because Anderson has already been dismissed upon grounds purely technical. The Bank of England, having acceded to the Government proposition for the reduction of its charges for the transaction of the Government business, a saving to the Treasury of £50,000 had been effected. The Moniteur is reported as stating that the principality of Monaco had been annexed to France. It is understood, however, that the town of Monaco remains in the possession of the Prince. The operations of the besieging army at Gaeta had been conducted with so much vigor, as to oblige the garrison to crave an armistice to enable them to bury the dead. This had been granted by Gen. Cialdini, with the offer of necessaries for the wounded. The defences of the place have been seriously damaged. Beyond a semi-official denial in the Danish papers that the Great Powers had recommended concessions to the Court of Copenhagen, and had declined in advance to recognize any blockade of German ports it might establish, the question of the Duchies presents no feature of interest. The King of Prussia, it is stated, will be crowned at Koenigsberg, in May. The commercial advices represent the Cotton Market as tending to a decline; Provisions quiet; Breadstuffs as steady Consols closed on the 9th at 91¾a92 for Money.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

LETTER FROM HARRISBURG.

Ceremonies of the 22d in Harrisburg—President Lincoln still non committal—His Secret Departure for Washington—The Democratic Convention, &c.

Harrisburg, Feb. 23, 1861.

The crowd in this place yesterday, was immense. The streets were literally choked up with masses of people drawn here by what the play bills would call a combination of attractions. First was the ceremony of raising the American Flag upon the dome of the Capitol, with the attendant military display and civic procession. Then, the arrival of President Lincoln—and in addition to all, the Democratic Convention, composed of four hundred delegates. These various causes operated to bring the greatest crowd of strangers ever witnessed in Harrisburg, subject as it is to periodical excitements.

After completing the ceremony of raising the flag, the military escorted Mr. Lincoln to his hotel, from the portico of which he delivered an address, in reply to a brief speech of welcome from Gov. Curtin. There was nothing in Mr. Lincoln's speech foreshadowing any definite line of policy—nothing absolutely binding him to compromise on the one hand, or coercion on the other. In alluding to the military display, he said that they gave him hope of what might be done when war is inevitable; but with his consent, or rather without his great displeasure, the country should never witness the shedding of one drop of blood in fraternal strife. This may mean peace, or it may mean war—but it certainly did not mean a committal to either policy. Mr. Lincoln did not tell the people that there was nothing the matter—nothing going wrong. Perhaps his progress through the country has convinced him that something is the matter. But after Gov. Curtin told him that he was called to the discharge of his official duties at a time when animosities and distractions divide the people—that he *must* restore fraternal feeling—that he *must* heal up discord—that this Government was established by deeds of peace, and similar words of a highly conservative and conciliatory character, Mr. Lincoln *endorsed* the patriotic and eloquent speech of the Governor. Did this signify anything more than a personal compliment? At New York, the President elect gave the same endorsement to the speech of Mayor Wood in favor of compromise and concession, after having used language at points in the West bearing an opposite construction.

Mr. Lincoln departed from Harrisburg mysteriously and under the cover of the night. The programme was to leave here this morning, at 9 o'clock for Baltimore. At least this was the published order of progress. But a committee of Baltimoreans waited upon the President here and warned him that it would be dangerous to make his appearance in that city—so he left secretly in the evening for Philadelphia and has reached Washington by that route. It is not likely that the personal peril apprehended at Baltimore was real, and it is supposed that Mr. Lincoln fled from an imaginary danger.

The flag was elevated to the dome of the Capitol by the veterans of the war of 1812. The breeze at the time was just sufficient to float it gracefully and display its beautiful proportions It was manufactured in your city by Mr. J. H. Foster, to whom the Committee of Arrangements are much indebted for his exertions in furnishing it in time for the ceremony.

The proceedings of the Democratic Convention were conducted with the utmost harmony and good feeling. A remarkable feature of the Convention was the presence of so many able men. Dr. John W. Nevin, the distinguished theologian, was present as a delegate, and made a speech, which is said to have rivalled Mr Seward's most able efforts in his peculiar philosophico-political style. The resolutions are moderate in tone, but decided in their opposition to war. They were adopted without a dissenting voice. M.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

Another Mesalliance in high life has been the topic of conversation in Paris. It seems that the late Duke de Berry, on quitting the army of Conde at Coblentz, went to England, where he was smitten by a handsome and respectable girl of the name of Brona, to whom he was married according to the laws of the country and the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. The event took place just about three years after the Bonaparte and Patterson alliance The Duke lived ten years with his wife, and was well known to Louis XVIII and the royal family. In 1816 the Duke was compelled to marry a Neapolitan Princess, sister of the late King of Naples, and the issue is now the legitimist pretender to the French throne. By his first and lawful wife he had one daughter, who, with her mother, was well provided for, and both are supposed to be now living. This statement has caused considerable excitement in France, and is pronounced false and malicious by the Orleanists.

The Minister of the Interior has just made public the result of the tenth census of the people of the Empire of Russia, from which document the following abstract is made:—The total of the population under the sceptre of the Czar amounts to 68 931,728 souls, of which number 33,655,824 are of the male sex. The hereditary and personal nobility comprises 437,326 males, and 436,828 females; 9074 males and 7764 females belong to the class of honorary citizens: 223 514 males and 208,320 females to the merchant class; and 281,501 males and 315,627 females belong to the priestly orders in the Orthodox Church. The number of serfs amounts to 9,803,201 males and 10 370,957 females; that of domestics to 721,796 males and 739 703 females; and it would appear that Russia contains 3,043,987 males and 3,104,757 females who, on one ground or another, are free from personal taxation.

A Fair Hit.—General Butler, of Massachusetts, is a wit The Boston Courier reports that he was in Washington the other day, and during a conversation with Southern men, one of them, a Georgian, said:—"I do not believe there is one honest man in Massachusetts." After a moment's reflection he added: "I beg to assure you, Mr. Butler, I mean nothing personal." The General responded: "I believe there are a great many honest men in Georgia; but in saying so, sir, I do not mean anything personal."

The Alabama Stay Law.—It seems that the bill staying the collection of debts in Alabama has passed the Legislature of that State The Montgomery Confederation thus explains this law:—This law neither resembles the one which has passed the Georgia Legislature, nor that which has passed the General Assembly of Tennessee. By the bill which has passed the Alabama Legislature, creditors are allowed to sue at one term of the court, get a judgment at the next, and collect at the following term.

Singular Horsewhipping Case, in England.—The Rev. J. Sumner Brockhurst, of Emmanuel College, England, horse-whipped the Rev. Edward Dodd, Fellow of Magdalen College and Vicar of St. Giles', Cambridge, because he had omitted from the grace the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and had said when asked for his reason, that it was on account of the presence of a Jew at the table.

Certain Ladies in Charleston having relatives in Fort Sumter, and learning that the garrison was destitute of candles, made their crinoline serve as Christmas trees for the nonce, swung each branching hoop with a wreath of candles, and in this wise smuggled boxes of the desired luminaries into the fort.

In England land is sometimes manured by confining sheep at night on a small space of ground, then moving the hurdle fence which encloses them every night until the whole field is thus treated to a few nights' lodging.

The New Tariff fixes the duty on certain cassimeres at sixteen cents per pound! At this rate Daniel Lambert would have been compelled to buy his pantaloons by the ton.

A Piece of Land was recently sold in London at the rate of $1,900,000 per acre—sufficient to cover it with silver equal to half a dollar in thickness.

There are 310,000 land owners in Ohio, the average of whose estates is eighty four acres.

CITY MATTERS.

RECEPTION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Hon. Abraham Lincoln, President elect of the United States arrived in this city on Thursday, the 21st, and was received in a manner befitting the high office to which he has been elected. Notwithstanding the announcement that the special train in which Mr. Lincoln was to arrive would not reach the Kensington Depot until four o'clock, crowds of persons began to assemble by one o'clock, and secured places on fences, sheds, trees, and every available spot promising a good view, while the streets and sidewalks were crowded with persons who were not fortunate enough to obtain more eligible positions.

A salute, fired by a detachment of soldiers under command of Captain Berry, announced to the assembled multitude the arrival of the train. Soon all was excitement, and the moving of the military and the efforts of the police to keep a way open for the procession, made up a lively picture. There was no particular ceremony after the train entered the depot, the Committee of Councils having met the President elect at Trenton and accompanied him to this city. A short delay occurred in getting the procession in proper order, but finally it moved off in the following order:—A number of Police, mounted, under the command of Chief Ruggles; Detachment of Police, on foot; Colonel Ellmaker, Chief Marshal and Aids; Conrad B. Andress, Marshal and Aids; cavalcade of citizens, numbering about 250; Pennsylvania Dragoons, under the command of Major Charles Thompson Jones. Then followed the President elect, in a barouche, drawn by four white horses. The Chairman of Committees of Councils, and Presidents of Select and Common Councils, rode with the President. The portion of the procession that followed was composed of the suite of the President elect; Committees of the Legislature of New Jersey and Pennsylvania; officers and members of the Councils of this city, all in carriages. A guard of police was posted on the flanks of the carriages, and moved with the procession, thus keeping the street clear, and enabling the procession to move with facility.

The persons occupying the sidewalk in viewing the procession were generally orderly; there was occasionally a boisterous individual in the assemblage, but the police succeeded in maintaining order, notwithstanding the great pressure made at certain times at different points. The procession was loudly cheered all along the route, and frequently the President elect would rise to his feet, and acknowledge the greetings of the spectators Several handsome bouquets were thrown into his carriage.

When the procession reached the corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, the pressure of the crowd was fearful to behold. On Ninth street, from Walnut to Chesnut, a strong force of police were stationed, to keep the street clear, but notwithstanding this the crowd would occasionally break through the line formed by the police, and a free use of clubs was occasionally indulged in, to get the living mass back in place again. The hotel was so completely thronged at times, that nearly all the doors of entrance had to be closed, and police stationed at them to prevent the entrance of the thousands who had been debarred a sight of the President as he entered.

For several hours before the procession reached the Continental Chesnut street, from Eighth to Ninth, was a perfect jam, and the crowd, as it swayed to and fro, was a mass of good humor, cracking jokes at the expense of some unfortunate wight who would find his hat sailing down the street without the power to extricate himself in order to pursue the fugitive covering. Corns were at a discount, and many a man wished himself safely out of the throng before his whole crop should be destroyed. As usual, females were packed away in the crowd, nor did they seem to object to the unlimited amount of squeezing to which they were subjected. One woman had in her arms a child of about two years of age, and her position while waiting for a glimpse at "Uncle Abe" was anything but pleasant, as the child would occasionally send up a yell that was ear-piercing, and yet the mother had not the power to extricate herself from the mass of humanity. The passage of the passenger cars would open a way every few minutes, but the gap would again be closed, and when some unlucky carter strayed that way, he had to run the gauntlet of cheers and jeers and running comments of the more noisy of the assemblage. The crowd increased every few minutes, and when the procession passed up Arch street, the crowd that had there congregated wended its way to join the throng on Ninth, and on Chesnut st., and then the crush was frightful. Policemen, however, managed to keep everything in order, until the procession reached the hotel. The appearance of the Band on the balcony was the signal for cheering, as it was understood that Mr Lincoln was close behind, and so it was; and as he stepped out of the window, the music struck up a lively air At the conclusion, Mayor Henry stepped forward and said:

Sir:—On behalf of the Councils of Philadelphia, and of its citizens, who, with common respect for their Chief Magistrate elect, have greeted your arrival, I tender to you the hospitality of the city. I do this as the official representative of 90 000 hearths around which dwell 600,000 people, firm and ardent in their devotion to the Union, and yet it may not be withheld that there are but few of those firesides whose cheer is not straitened and darkened by the calamitous condition of our country. The great mass of this people are heartily weary and sick of the selfish schemes and wily plots of mere politicians, who bear no nearer relation to true statesmen than do the barnacles which encrust the ship to the master who stands by its helm. Your fellow countrymen look to you in the hope that true statesmanship and unalloyed patriotism may, with God's blessing, restore peace and prosperity to their distracted land.

It is to be regretted that your short stay precludes that intercourse with the merchants, manufacturers, mechanics and other citizens of Philadelphia, which might afford a clear discernment of their great interests; and, sir, it could not be other than grateful to yourself to have the opportunity of communing with the memories of the past in those historic walls, where the comprehensive intelligence and disinterested patriotism of our fathers framed the Constitution of the Federal States over which you have been called to preside.

But little of this speech could be heard by the crowd below, as the confusion was great, but when Mr Henry had concluded, Mr. Lincoln stepped forward, and after the cheering had somewhat subsided, he said:

Mr. Mayor and Fellow-citizens of Philadelphia:—I appear before you to make no lengthy speech. I appear before you to thank you for this reception. The reception you have given me to-night is not to me, the man, the individual, but to the man who temporarily represents, or who should represent, the majority of the nation. [Applause.] It is true, as your worthy Mayor has said, that there is great anxiety amongst the citizens of the United States at this time. I say, I deem it a happy circumstance that this dissatisfied portion of our fellow citizens do not point us to anything in which they are being injured, or about to be injured, from which I have felt all the while justified in concluding that the crisis, the panic, the anxiety of the country at this time, is artificial. If there be those who differ with me on this subject, they have not pointed out the substantial difficulty that exists.

I do not mean to say that this artificial panic has not done harm.

I say that the hope that has been expressed by your worthy Mayor, that I may be able to restore peace, harmony and prosperity to the country, is most worthy in him, and most happy, indeed, will I be if I shall be able to verify and fulfil that hope. [Cheers] I promise you, in all sincerity that I bring to the work a sincere heart—whether I will bring a head equal to that heart will be for future time to determine

It were useless for me to speak of details of plans now. I shall speak officially on next Monday week, if ever. If I should not speak then, it would be useless for me to do so now. When I do speak, as your worthy Mayor has expressed it, I shall take such high grounds, I assure you, as I think best calculated to restore peace, harmony and prosperity to the country, and tend to the perpetuity of the nation and the liberty of these States and all these people.

Your worthy Mayor has expressed the wish, in which I join with him, that it were convenient for me to remain in your city long enough to consult, or, as it were, to listen to the breathings rising within the consecrated walls where the Constitution of the United States and, I will add, the Declaration of Independence was originally framed and adopted, I assure you and your Mayor that I had hoped, on this occasion, and upon all occasions during my life, I shall do nothing inconsistent with the teachings of those holy and most sacred walls.

I have never asked anything that does not breathe from those walls. All my political warfare has been in favor of the teachings that come forth from those sacred walls. "May my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth" if ever I prove false to those teachings. Fellow citizens, I have addressed you longer than I had expected, and now allow me to bid you good-night.

THE SHIP JOHN TRUCKS.

The contract for raising of the cargo and hull of the ship John Trucks, which sunk at Arch street wharf on Sunday week, has been given to Messrs. Gifford & Sanborn, of Boston, who have already commenced operations, but not to any great extent, as much of their apparatus has not yet reached here. In the course of the present week they expect to be able to be in full operation when the cargo will be discharged almost with the same regularity as is done from vessels lying at our wharves. Their plan of operating is to have alongside of the sunken ship two small craft, from the decks of which the cargo is raised. Below the water everything is done by men in sub-marine armor, who are able to work with astonishing facility, by reason of the completeness of the suits. The dress is made of India rubber, and is entirely air and water tight. Upon a breast plate, composed chiefly of metal, the head is screwed. This has windows in it to enable the operator to see around him, which he can do when the water is clear. To enable him to descend, which he does by means of a rope-ladder, and to enable him to maintain his footing, heavy plates of lead are hung upon his breast and back, and the soles of his shoes are composed of lead plates, half an inch thick. The weight of the armor is 125 lbs. Air is supplied by means of pumps, which are worked constantly while he is under the water. An escape is provided for the air at the back of the head piece, and the constant pressure of the air in escaping prevents the water from entering. When under the water, the movements of the operator can be traced by the numerous bubbles which all the time arise to the surface. It is generally supposed that those encased in sub-marine armor cannot long remain under water, but when it is not too cold, they work for hours without coming up. Messrs. Gifford & Sanborn have eight suits of armor, and when in full operation, the men work for stated periods just as those do above the water. An immense number of persons assembled on Saturday to witness the operations upon the sunken ship's cargo. All the wharves in the vicinity were crowded, and the river about the vessel was covered with small boats. Several times in the morning and afternoon the men in armor descended to the deck of the ship, and a crate of crockery, a hogshead of drugs, and a number of ropes were hauled up. Operations will be resumed to-day. The body of the missing steward has not been found.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

On Friday last, the Anniversary of the Birth-day of Washington was more generally observed as a holiday than for many years past. The presence in the city of the President elect of the United States, with the ceremony of flag-raising, at which he was to assist, served to add to the excitement which began to be observed at a very early hour in the morning. The display of national bunting was something to see. From all the public buildings, the hotels, the shipping, the newspaper offices, the engine and hose houses, the American flag was thrown to the breeze, and the admission of Kansas as the thirty-fourth State, gave an opportunity for the purchase of new flags with the additional star.

A large number of private dwellings were decorated in the same manner. At sunrise, the booming of cannon in a national salute, and the ringing of innumerable bells, called people from their beds, and at six o'clock there were more persons in the streets than for years. The air was cold, but this did not deter a number of females from attending. At seven o'clock, the Committee of Councils waited upon Mr. Lincoln at the Continental and he declared his readiness to attend their bidding. He was then taken to Independence Hall, the Scott Legion acting as a guard of honor (both coming and returning). On entering the hall, which was kept clear of the crowd, Mr. Lincoln was formally received by Mr. Cuyler in a neat speech to which the President elect replied.

Mr Lincoln now proceeded to inspect the portraits and relics in the Hall, while a buzz went around among the few gathered within the room, in reference to the somewhat significant words of the President elect as to his future policy. Next, Mr. Lincoln was escorted to the platform in front of the Hall where his appearance was the signal for a long continued series of cheers. Everything had been arranged for the raising of the new flag with thirty four stars. The flag was rolled into a ball, or what is known as "man-'o-war style," so that as it reached the peak of the staff it should gradually unfurl to the breeze. The Scott Legion were drawn up in front of the platform. Mr. Lincoln, with overcoat and hat off, pulled on the halyards until the flag unfurled itself at the peak of the flag-staff, and the enthusiasm of the crowd knew no bounds. The band gave the Star-Spangled Banner, followed by "The Stars and Stripes are Still Unfurled," a piece of music dedicated to Mrs. Major Robert Anderson. During the ceremonies, a detachment of the Washington Grays were stationed in the square, and at intervals fired cannon. The flag raising completed, Mr. Lincoln returned to the hotel, and at 8½ o'clock left in an open barouche, drawn by four horses, for West Philadelphia, where the special train of three cars was in waiting. At this point a salute was fired, and the people turned out in great numbers. At half-past nine o'clock the train started, and Mr. Lincoln was on his way to Harrisburg. Mr. Hacker, the Chairman of the Philadelphia Committee, accompanied him on the route.

The next feature of the day's celebration was that in which Councils took part. Both branches met in joint Convention, which was called to order by Mayor Henry.

The members then formed into procession, and proceeded to the platform in front. Mayor Henry here stated the object of the assemblage to be to hear Washington's Farewell Address read by Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, and concluded his remarks with "and God grant that the warnings which it gives may be heeded in these days."

Bishop Potter then offered up a prayer, in the course of which he said: "God grant that his (Washington's) words of warning and admonition, of affectionate expostulation, may be heeded throughout the length and breadth of this land, and that they may especially, under Thy heavenly guidance, restore to the length and breadth of this great republic the spirit of unity and brotherly love."

Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll was then introduced, and he read, in a clear and distinct voice, the Farewell Address; after which, the immense crowd collected in the street slowly dispersed, to join at different points the crowds waiting for the working men's procession.

THE CELEBRATION AT THE MECHANICS' HALL.

The large and spacious saloon of the Mechanics' Hall was filled to overflowing at an early hour by our citizens, to take part in the celebration of the birth of Washington, the larger portion of whom were ladies. The building was decorated in a very handsome manner.

THE WORKING MEN'S PARADE.

On Friday morning, the greater body of the working men of our city, formed themselves into divisions according to their respective occupations, making one of the grandest processions that ever was witnessed in Philadelphia. Shortly after 11 o'clock, the line commenced to move over the designated route, amid the ringing of bells which greeted the processionists at short intervals. Many beautiful flags, banners and other handsome and appropriate emblems were tastefully displayed.

After the procession had passed over the route, the largest portion of the men composing it, filed into National Hall, where the mass meeting was set down as part of the programme of the day.

GIRARD COLLEGE.

The 13th annual report of the Girard College for Orphans has been submitted to Councils. It appears that the number of orphans who were receiving instruction and maintenance in the institution at the date of the last report was 348. Since that time 54 have been admitted; 33 have been bound out, 3 indentures have been cancelled; 4 have been dismissed, and 1 has died. The number now in the College is 361. Of these 37 are receiving instruction in the first form; 64 in the second; 61 in the third; 65 in the fourth; 67 in the fifth; and 67 in the sixth. During the past year the division of the pupils into the principal and primary schools, which have existed since the opening of the College, has been set aside. Under the new arrangement, the pupils are divided according to their advancement in knowledge into six forms. Each form, when full, consists of four classes, each containing from 15 to 20 pupils. The course of study is so arranged, and the promotion from class to class, and form to form so made, that pupils of fair capacity beginning with the alphabet in the first class, will be able to pass through all the forms, and complete the course of study in eight years. All pupils whose school grade was above 7.50, received premiums for good conduct. Those whose standing either in conduct or scholarship, or in both, was higher than it was last year, received premiums for improvement; and those who by diligent effort had failed to raise their grade of scholarship above that of the preceding year, received premiums for attention to study. Fifty-six pupils received premiums for good conduct and scholarship; fifty-nine for good conduct and improvement in scholarship; sixteen for good scholarship and improvement in conduct; thirty five for improvement both in scholarship and conduct; fifty-nine for good conduct alone; forty one for scholarship alone; eleven for improvement in conduct alone; thirty-nine for improvement in scholarship alone; and twenty four for attention to study; making a total of three hundred and forty premiums.

The Directors cannot avoid renewing the hope earnestly expressed in past reports, that the condition of the estate might enable them at an early period to extend the benefits of the foundation to a much larger number than are now supported by it. Independent of the express instructions of Mr. Girard, that the advantages of his college should be given to as many as possible, and the strong sympathy which all must feel for the class for whom it is intended, there is the additional reason of substantial economy for this increase. The entire machinery for a complicated institution has to be provided, whether its inmates are three hundred or six hundred, and the latter number would not require a material increase in many important expenditures over that demanded for the former. Thus, up to a certain limit, every orphan added would diminish the present per capita cost of supporting and educating a child The buildings, exclusive of those occupied by the presidents and professors, are capable of accommodating a larger number than the present family, and whenever the funds at the disposal of Councils will warrant, it will afford the Directors great pleasure to co-operate in making available to its fullest extent this magnificent bequest to the poor and the orphan.

The amount appropriated to the college during the year was $87,080, and the amount expended was $81,043 53.

THE MURDER OF JOHN H. SAILOR.

An inquest was held on Saturday, by Coroner Conrad, on the body of John H. Sailor, who died on Friday evening, from the effects of the stab received the Tuesday previous. The following testimony was elicited:

Hampton North, sworn.—On last Tuesday I was at Mr. Emory's house, when a young man came in, named George Ingraham; he had a pocket knife open; I was told to be on my guard against him, that he was a bad man; soon after we went to the house of Mr. Sailor; Geo. Emory, a young man, named Murray, Ingraham and myself were of the party; Ingraham soon quarrelled with Sailor; Murray closed with Ingraham, and they had an argument; Ingraham then had a knife in his hand; I said, "my friend, there is no use of quarreling, let us take a social drink;" he took a drink; it was not long before he was quarrelling again, and Mr. Sailor said, "I want you to go out of my house;" Ingraham turned and walked out; we had another drink, and Ingraham came back again, and applied epithets to Sailor; Mr. Sailor then came from behind the bar, and said, "Now, George, I want you to go out; you shall not insult people in my house;" he put his hand on Ingraham's shoulder, and they went out; the door was closed, and I did not see what was done; when the door was opened I saw that Ingraham's hand was cut; it was very bloody; while I stood at the door I heard the family crying, and I then saw Sailor; he said, "North, I am a dead man;" he walked to the stairway, and before he reached the doorway he weakened, and I caught him in my arms; I saw the entrails coming from the wound; the wound was given outside of the door, and I did not see it inflicted.

The jury rendered a verdict that John H. Sailor came to his death from a wound inflicted with a knife by George C. Ingraham. A final commitment has been lodged by the Coroner against Ingraham, who was committed by Alderman Butler. He is not twenty one years old. The deceased, who was thirty-three years old, leaves a wife and one child. He was member of the Lafayette Hose Co.

MURDER WILL OUT.

Highland Whittaker, an inmate of the Blockley Almshouse, died of small pox on Friday morning of last week. Just before his death he made an affidavit, in which he says that about a month since he had a quarrel with a colored man at Chestertown, Md., who had refused to loan him a half dollar, and that he struck him on the head with a hammer and killed him, and then threw the body overboard. The authorities of Maryland have been notified of the affidavit. After Whittaker came to this city, he was arrested on the charge of theft, and was convicted.

ARMY AND NAVY.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22.—The Senate has confirmed the following Presidential nominations among many others:

Lieut. Col. Seawell, to be Colonel.

Major Hoffman, to be Lieut. Colonel.

Captains Bomford, Whitney, Winder, Sacket and E. K. Smith, to be Majors.

Lieutenants Charles S. Stewart, Blunt, Foster, Bryan, Derby, Reno, McArthur, Hatch, Eddy, Wilcox, Blake, Fink, and Marshal, to be Captains. Major Emory to be Lieut. Colonel. Assistant Surgeon Head, to be Surgeon. The following named Assistant Surgeons in the army have also been confirmed: Snorb, of Pennsylvania; Michem and Wagner, of Maryland; Ramseur, of North Carolina; Cormick, of Virginia.

The appointments of the following lieutenants in the navy have been confirmed, to supply vacancies occasioned by resignations—namely, Messrs. Salhon, Begelvro, Bradford, Phetneau, Cooke, Shryock, Fitch, Harris, Eastman, Wallace, Hatfield, McDonghal, Porter, Moseley, Perkins, and Blodgett.

Philip Lansdale has been confirmed as surgeon, and Samuel J Jones and Shively as assistant surgeons in place of those who have resigned.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, February 27, 1861.

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And for all who are interested in
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As well as for the Housewife and Fireside.

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Under this head may be weekly found a column devoted to the various Mechanical and Chemical Arts, Patents, Inventions, Improvements in Machinery, Engineering, &c., the aim being to present all subjects discussed in a plain and popular form.

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"LINES FOR THE ALBUM FOR AN EARLY FRIEND," by Jennie Leitch, is accepted.

STATE AID FOR KANSAS.

A Relief Committee are before the Legislature of Pennsylvania, asking for $10,000 to aid the people in Kansas. There is, no doubt, suffering in Kansas, though greatly exaggerated. The attempt to force a population in that State for political purposes, a few years ago, and the trouble it produced, necessarily tended to cause future distress; for the people who went there were entirely unfitted for the duties required of emigrants, and the political troubles drove out all who desired to live in quiet, and reap the fruits of their industry. A drouth last season helped to bring the State to its present destitute condition. But as destitute as the people of Kansas may be, they are not in a worse condition than the laboring men and women in the city of Philadelphia at this time. There are thousands of sewing women in this city to-day, who have been out of employment since last November, and as many mechanics who do not know where to get the next meal their wants require. Appeals are daily for relief to these persons, many of whom have had but one meal a day for weeks, and indebted for that to the kindness of friends and neighbors. If the State of Pennsylvania has $10,000 to spare for the relief of Kansas, it ought certainly do as much for its own suffering citizens, whose labor creates the property which supplies the State with its necessary means of expenditure. The money here would be expended under its own control and not be wasted in promoting the political ambition of aspiring politicians in the West. Kansas has collected considerable funds, quite a snug sum in this city, and probably needs a great deal more to place its people above want. Individual contributions have so far given the relief required, and we have no doubt all that is required will be available from this source with the endeavors which are making through the press, in the churches and by charitable associations. Every man is able to measure his ability to be charitable, and his individual gifts are his own business. But it is not the business or the right of the State to measure it for him, and it is very doubtful if such appeals ought to be entertained in that body, certainly not without an equal extension of charity to that portion of our own citizens who are without food and fuel, or clothing suited to the season, all their means having been exhausted by the long continued and total stagnation in business. If the Legislature have any doubts about the existence of suffering from destitution in Philadelphia, not paraded so frequently in the newspapers as the suffering in Kansas, they could get plenty of information upon the subject from the charitable institutions of the city and the Guardians of the Poor, who have a hard duty to perform in relieving it with insufficient means.

CIVIL WAR OR RECONSTRUCTION.—The Corinth (Miss.) Advertiser says that civil war or reconstruction is unavoidable. The people in part of that State are already exasperated, because of the additional tax levy, and that paper says it only requires a leader to induce them to resist the tax collector. In North Mississippi the people are suffering from the want of provisions, and they are in no temper, therefore, to stand additional taxation. The refusal of the border slave States to join the Cotton Confederacy is beginning to open the eyes of the people in the South to the peril their political leaders has lead them into. It would not be surprising that, as soon as all hope is entirely extinguished of the border States being led off, if the people in the Cotton States should upset the Davis dynasty.

NOT MENDING THE MATTER.—One John Vandeveer, travelling from Philadelphia to Parkersburg, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, got intoxicated and lost his ticket. Not being able to produce it, and not willing to pay for another, he was put out of the car. In doing so he fell down a bank, and subsequently, in going after his hat, fell among some stones and injured himself so that he died. The wife brought suit against the Railroad Company, and got $1734 damages. The Company appealed to the Supreme Court where the judgment was reversed, on the ground of a want of a distinct direction to the jury as to the measure of damages, and a new trial awarded. Upon this trial, the jury gave a verdict of $2500 damages.

MARRIAGE OF JEROME BONAPARTE.

Have we a Bourbon among us? used to be the question through the papers. Have we not the legitimate heir of the late Prince Jerome Bonaparte among us? is the question which is agitating not so much our own country as France, and especially the Paris courts of law. It of course matters nothing to the honor or the property of the Patterson family, which is above all reproach and amply provided for pecuniarily. The refusal of all compromises that might in any way affect the validity of the marriage which, nearly sixty years ago, took place in Baltimore, between Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Patterson, has placed her character before the world in a light in which no other wife of any other Bonaparte has ever stood.

It is, in our view, rather remarkable that a sovereign decree having once been given on this question, the present suit should not have been instantly quashed on that account. There is no doubt, however, that a marriage, valid by the laws of this country, took place, celebrated and certified by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Baltimore, a marriage which the Pope refused to annul. It was valid by the laws of the Church, and valid by the laws of the country where it was celebrated. It is contended, however, that it is invalid by the laws of France, which require the assent of the parents up to the age of twenty-five, and Jerome Bonaparte was only a young naval officer of twenty-two.

The law of France on this subject, however, is very intricate, and was altered about the time of this marriage. It goes, however, upon the principle that marriage can only be contracted validly and properly with the consent of the family council, and that all other connexions are not valid. Of course, the result of this is a vast amount of immorality. France, like all other countries, has a right to its own peculiar institutions within its own limits. But the real question is, whether she has a right to annul or declare void *ab initio* a marriage which was valid by the laws of the country where it was celebrated, and whether a child begotten in lawful wedlock, by the laws of the country where the parties were residing at the time of marriage and of the birth of the child, can be declared illegitimate because the forms of the country of one of the parties were not all complied with. In England, the laws of marriage used to be much more strict than those of Scotland, and in Gretna Green, as we all know, a border town, the village blacksmith could and did perform hundreds of marriages for runaway couples. But it was because England thus recognized marriages performed according to the laws of the country where the parties then were, that these marriages were good for anything.

It seems to us that, by the law of nations, if this matter is not clear, it ought to be made so. Foreigners ever have and ever will intermarry, even when the nations to which the parties belong are at war with each other. But in such case, we are surely entitled to demand that, where the laws of the country where the marriage takes place are all complied with, the children of such a union shall be deemed legitimate the world over.

There is no doubt that the decision of the first Napoleon will be sustained, because, *now*, anything else would illegitimatize the children of the subsequent marriage, and rob Prince Napoleon of his titles and his privileges. But the principle ought to be introduced into all our diplomatic alliances with foreign nations, that what is a valid marriage must, in each case, be settled by the law of the land where the union takes place. Otherwise, in the case of foreigners, it would seem impossible to tell when and whether they were truly married.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

.... Father Kemp's minstrel troupe, known as the "Old Folks at Home," are giving successful exhibitions at Liverpool.

.... Preaching agrees with Mrs. Mott—at eighty-six she is as eloquent and energetic in her discourses as she was at fifty.

.... The Court of Sessions in Scotland has unanimously decided that, by the law of Scotland, marriage with a deceased wife's sister is civilly null.

.... A journal of France announces that Frances II has dug a grave in a casemate at Gaeta, in which he means to be buried if the bombardment should go against him.

.... Two young boys, born deaf and dumb, have been taught to hear and speak by a medical person of the name of De Baudelogne, who has exhibited his patients at the Paris Academy of Sciences.

.... "The Court Journal" says that all the American Presidents, except General Harrison, had blue eyes, so had Shakspeare, Locke, Bacon, Milton, Goethe, Franklin, Napoleon and Humboldt.

.... Clark Mills, the sculptor, by his recent marriage, secures a fortune of $200,000. Mrs. Mills is the widow of the late Mr. Howell, of Baltimore, who left a fortune of $800,000 cheifly acquired in the dry goods business in New Orleans.

.... The latest fashions published in Le Follet (high authority) say the material called "drognet" is in great request for home dress this winter, and it is made now in such rich and elegant designs, that it may rank next to velvet.

.... "I notice," remarked a Democrat to a Republican, this morning, "that the convicts at Sing Sing came out and paid their respects to Old Abe." "Yes," replied the Republican, "and in doing so showed themselves to be above party prejudice, for they are all Democrats."

.... It is stated that Miss Harriet Lane has courteously invited Mrs. Lincoln to accept the hospitalities of the White House immediately on her arrival at Washington, in order that she may become familiar with the internal management of a big house like that of the Presidential mansion.

.... It has been recently decided in Scotland that a minister has the right to inquire into defamatory reports respecting the character of a member of his congregation, without making himself liable in damages, on the ground that it is a duty to be performed and a privileged one.

.... Odin was said to have been always attended by two ravens, which sate on his shoulders; whence he was called the God of Ravens. One was styled Hugin, or Thought; the other Mugin, or Memory. They whispered in his ear all that they saw or heard. At the earliest dawn, he sent them to fly around the world; and at eve they returned fraught with intelligence and truth.

.... At a party in a dwelling-house in Hyde Park, London, a short time since, a lady who was playing on the piano caught her dress on fire from a candle. Other ladies rushed to extinguish the flames when they caught fire too. Five ladies were burned at one time, and their screams were awful. The gentlemen present were unable to quench the flames for some moments. Two of the ladies were so much injured that they died.

.... MR. GUINNESS AND A LADY WOOER.—When the Rev Henry Grattan Guinness was in Philadelphia, a young lady of wealth and position made him an offer of her heart, hand, and purse. The minister replied—"I came to America not to seek a wife, but to preach the Gospel. Your note strikes me as much out of place; and my advice to you is, that you give the money which you seem willing to bestow on me to the poor, your heart to the Lord, and your hand to the first one that asks for it."

The above is from an English paper. Who is the lady?

.... "Shrouds have no pockets"—a capital sermon to misers, in four words.

.... The latest style of dress worn by New York lady skaters is described as the Polish costume, with short, blue skirts, fur trimmed basques and hats, and tight fitting ankle boots, trimmed also with fur. Others have a semi-Zouave costume, with a short skirt of a bright red, and pantalets of the same ruddy hue, fastened tightly around the ankle; the basque and hat both trimmed with fur, and neatly fitting skating boots. These are considered picturesque and comfortable.

.... A good parson had been preaching upon a certain Sunday morning, from a text including the parable of the two houses, one of which stood upon a rock, and the other upon the sand; a parable which we may *reasonably* assume is not unknown to any reader of these pages. He warmed with the force and beauty of his theme, until, in the ardor of his discourse, he *carried away the wrong house!* "The rains beat, the floods came, and the winds blew upon the house *that stood upon the rock*, and it fell, and great was the fall thereof:" a mere accidental transposition, of course, and doubtless not noticed by one in fifty of his congregation. "Uncle," said the narrator, as the two were walking home from church, "did you not make a mistake in your sermon today? Did you not, in one instance, reverse the meaning of the beautiful parable which formed its subject? I looked to see you reverse it." "You are right, my son; I *did* make a mistake: I am glad you were so attentive and watchful as to remark it; I carried away the wrong house, but I did *not* make a mistake in not stopping to correct it. Suppose I had done so? *Both* houses then would have been gone, and not one would have been left to illustrate the parable. Few saw the error, I think; and this leads me to say, my son, that when you find you have made a mistake, *let somebody else discover it.*"

ARMSTRONG SENTENCED TO DEATH.

On Monday morning, Thomas J. Armstrong, convicted of the murder of Robert Crawford of the Nineteenth Ward, was brought up to Court for the purpose of having the sentence of death pronounced upon him. Three judges were upon the bench, and things assumed a very solemn aspect. The reasons filed for a new trial were overruled, and the prisoner directed to stand up. After he had been asked the question what he had to say for himself, he made a brief speech, in which he strongly denied his guilt, and reviewed the evidence against him. After the sentence of death had been pronounced, looking toward the Judges he said: "May it please your Honor,—you may take my life, but you cannot take from me my clear conscience." Throughout the whole of this touching scene the prisoner did not seem much affected. After the sentence, he was taken back to prison.

LITERARY RECORD.

Abednego, The Money Lender. By Mrs. Gore. Philadelphia: T. B Peterson & Brothers.

This is an old, well-told story, and will no doubt be warmly welcomed by thousands of youthful readers. It is issued in Peterson's well-known cheap form. The last steamship from Europe but one brought us notice of the death of the authoress of this volume. The novel-reading world a few years ago would have been more profoundly grieved than now, to learn the death of this lady, the best novelist of the day in that peculiar department of fiction, to which she wisely confined her efforts. Mrs. Gore died at Linwood, Linhurst, England, on the 29th ult., in the 63d year of her age. She began to write when she was twenty-four; her first novel, Theresa Marchmont, is said to have been written in a week; since then she has produced as many as sixty or seventy works, extending to nearly two hundred volumes. Her facility in composition was almost equal to her fecundity; frequently she wrote a volume a month, and as many as three or four novels in a year. Her works have attained an immense popularity. They are confined exclusively to portraitures of English fashionable life and character, and are generally admitted to be among the most successful attempts to delineate that life and character that have yet been made. Mrs. Gore was the first to introduce the style which has since found so many imitators. She, however, had the advantage of her copyists of access to the society she described; her pictures are evidently taken from life; some of them are remarkably vivid and interesting; "Cecil, or the Adventures of a Coxcomb;" displayed so intimate a knowledge of club life, that it was long ascribed to a male author; and the London Times has said that "some future Macaulay will turn to her pages for a perfect picture of life as we find it in the upper classes of society." Mrs. Gore had a good command of language, and an abundant supply of wit—wit not of the most brilliant or salient description, but so constant that its presence could never be ignored. She had no immense penetration into motives, and could neither detect the secret springs of character, nor portray its delicate shades; but her observation of manners was keen, and her knowledge of the world and of those outward and usual phases of character displayed in the world, extensive; she never failed to produce a lively and agreeable novel. The most successful of her works were: "The Diary of a *Desennuyee*," "The Hamiltons," "Pin Money," "The Banker's Wife," "Peers and Parvenues," "Temptation and Atonement." Her last production was "The Two Aristocracies." Within the last ten years her works have been in less demand. Mrs. Gore was the widow of Charles Arthur Gore, of 1st Life Guards; she was married to him in 1823. A son of hers, a young man of one or two and twenty, accompanied the Prince of Wales during his recent visit to Canada and this country, and was very much liked in society.

The Wits and Beaux of Society. By Grace and Philip Wharton. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Peterson Brothers.

This work is by the authors of the "Queens of Society," which is no small commendation of any work that may hereafter emanate from them. Indeed that work may be said to have pioneered this, and, so far, a chronicle of the sayings and doings of the "Wits" is worthy to serve as a *pendent* to that of the "Queens." It is made of the sayings and doings of those who were leaders in fashionable society from the time of Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, to the time of Lord Melcombe, including sketches of Sydney Smith, Theodore Edward Hooke, Beau Brummell, Sheridan, Selwyn, Walpole, Stanhope, Lord Heway, Philip, duke of Wharton, Beau Nash, Congreve, Beau Fielding, and others. The volume is liberally illustrated, and handsomely bound.

Pampinea and Other Poems By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. New York: Rudd & Carleton. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Mr. Aldrich is not unknown to fame as a poet, and this neatly issued little volume contains some of his most effective effusions. His style is easy and graceful, and by his avoidance of the wilder flights of fancy, too often indulged in by modern poets, he commends himself to universal favor. The volume is just the right size for a book of poetry, which, like a sweetmeat, should be taken after more substantial repast, and never be resorted to as a means of satisfying hunger.

Therese; or, the Privateersman's Child, By Henry L. Williams, Jr. E. D. Long & Co.: New York. Petersons: Philadelphia.

This is one of those thrilling French romances so characteristic of that language, and which have so much interest for young, prurient readers. It is issued in cheap form, and is sold at 25 cents per copy.

Marie; or, The Gambler of the Mississippi. By Jack Brace. E. D. Long: New York. Petersons: Philadelphia.

This is a sensation novel of the first water, and though the incidents of Western life and Southern travel are greatly exaggerated, the work will be none the less interesting to those who are never so well pleased as when revelling in the terrible.

Flirtation, and What Comes of It, is the title of a neat domestic comedy in five acts, by Frank B. Goodrich. As a source of innocent amusement, limited in its scenery and stage effects, this comedy might be easily produced in almost any private parlor. The moral is good.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the year 1861, and a most valuable compilation it is too, has been sent us by J. B. Lippincott & Co. It contains over four hundred pages.

The Harpers have issued the second and third volumes of *Greek and Latin Texts*, in the same style of the first volume of the same work. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have them for sale.

AMUSEMENTS.

The progress of the fine arts is in nothing more forcibly illustrated than in the wonderful exhibition of the *Stereopticon* at the Assembly Building. What was before known and admired in *photography* is fully developed by this new instrument. We have all witnessed with great pleasure the likeness in little of attractive and endeared objects, but there has always been felt a drawback on the pleasure thus derived, from the fact that there were necessary drafts on the imagination to fill out the picture—to make them of life-size. The picture of the photograph is beautiful, but being less than real life, not true. By the stereopticon this is remedied. Those who remember Stephen Girard, as he appeared in his daily round of business, may see him under the operation of the stereopticon at the Assembly Building in all the rounded fullness of reality. There too is seen other great men who have passed away and live only in the memory of the aged, or as they have reached the present by the imperfect sketches of the painter and the historian. The figures presented by the stereopticon are not what are termed pictures, but solid and massive representations, in light and shade, of the object presented. The single statue of Girard, should, of itself, fill the house nightly until every Philadelphian who enjoys his liberal bequest to our city has had opportunity to admire it; and until every one who has been able to contrast the modest demeanor of a millionaire of the last generation with the empty pretender of wealth of the present day. It is stated, we know not with what truth, but as the thing is entirely practicable, we suppose it is true, that Queen Victoria has given permission to photograph all the various rooms of the palaces of England, so that, under the operation of the stereopticon, we may, any or all of us, for the single expenditure of twenty-five cents, witness here all these spacious apartments, with their various articles of furniture and adornment, precisely, and of the true size of each particular article as it really exists. Thus, with great saving of expense, without the loss of time, or the dangers of an ocean trip, we, may, by the use of the stereopticon at home, gratify our curiosity, and accomplish what few are able to effect though at the very portals of the palaces, obtain a view of the homes of royality, the interiors of which are here truly presented. The exhibition nightly includes statuary, buildings, scenery, and indeed almost everything esteemed of interest, admiration or wonder in architecture, arts or real life. As a source of instruction, pleasingly perpetuating the true and beautiful, the stereopticon is well worthy the attention of our best citizens. As an intellectual exhibition of the most moral and refining character, parents and families should give it countenance and encouragement.

At the *Walnut Street Theatre*, Murdoch concluded a three weeks' engagement on Saturday. He is succeeded by the highly tragic actress, Mrs. Waller.

At the *Arch* the stock company is playing in popular comedy to good houses. The season closes at this house, we are informed, early the coming month.

At *McDonough's Olympic*, the really beautiful piece of the "Seven Sisters" continues to attract crowded and most respectable audiences. It is really a beautiful and pleasing performance.

Sanford's Burlesque of McDonough's Seven Sisters is one of the best produced at that prolific resource of fun this season. The house is nightly almost as well crowded as the Olympic.

Blitz is untiring in his efforts to please, and while all his performances are of the most innocent character, they never fail to provoke hearty and healthy laughter.

The *Menagerie*, on Chesnut, below Fifth street, grows more in favor the more widely a knowledge of the extent and variety of the animals on exhibition is spread through the public. The elephants are the largest ever seen in this country.

THERE WERE IN THIS CITY, for the week ending on Saturday last, 286 deaths—112 adults and 174 children. Of this number there were 37 of consumption of the lungs, 26 of scarlet fever, 22 of inflammation of the lungs, 18 of convulsions, and 18 of small pox.

TELEGRAPH NEWS.

THIRTY-SIXTH CONGRESS—2d Session.

WASHINGTON, February 25.

SENATE.—A message was received from the House, announcing the passage of the Oregon war debt bill.

On motion of Mr. Lane, of Oregon, the bill was made the special order for to-morrow, at 11½ o'clock.

Mr. Sumner presented a petition from Massachusetts, asking Congress to enact a law that no person shall be held in servitude by the laws of any State, and that all such persons shall be declared free.

Mr. Sumner said he presented the petition because he thought it his duty to do so, when presented in a proper and respectful form; but he would take the occasion to declare most explicitly that he did not believe Congress had any right to interfere with slavery in the States.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, presented the petition of the inhabitants of Dakotah, asking for the establishment of a Territorial government.

On motion of Mr. Wade, of Ohio, the bill in relation to the postal service in the seceding States was taken up.

Mr. Pearce, of Maryland, moved to strike out the word "insurrection."

Mr. Mason, of Virginia, said the word "insurrection" was unknown to the Constitution, and protested against the use of such a word.

Mr Wade said he was willing to have the causes, "insurrection and resistance to the laws," assigned in the bill, stricken out.

Mr. Pearce's amendment was then withdrawn, and the bill amended, on motion of Mr Bayard, of Delaware, so as to conform to Mr. Wade's suggestion.

Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, presented the credentials of Charles B. Mitchell, Senator elect from Arkansas.

Mr. Hemphill, of Texas, offered a substitute for the bill, declaring that, whereas several States have withdrawn from the Union, and the laws of the United States no longer have force, therefore, the Postmaster General be authorized to discontinue the postal service, and make arrangements with the Government of those States in regard to the same.

After further discussion, Mr. Polk, of Missouri, moved to modify the amendment so as to read, in all States that have withdrawn from the Union the Postmaster General shall have the power to discontinue the postal service. Lost—yeas 19; nays, 30.

The question on Mr. Hemphill's amendment was taken and negatived.

YEAS—Messrs. Bragg Clingman, Green, Hemphill, Hunter, Johnson, of Arkansas, Lane, Mason, and Wigfall—9.

NAYS—Messrs. Anthony, Baker, Bayard, Bigler, Bingham, Bright, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Crittenden, Dixon, Doolittle, Durkee, Fessenden, Fitch, Foot, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, Johnson of Tennessee, Kennedy, King, Latham, Morrill, Nicholson, Pearce, Polk, Rice, Seward, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Thompson, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson, and Wilson—38.

The bill was then passed by the following vote:

YEAS—Messrs. Anthony, Bayard Bigler, Bingham, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Crittenden, Dixon, Doolittle, Douglas, Durkee, Fessenden, Fitch, Foot, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, Johnson of Tennessee, Kennedy, King, Latham, Morrill, Pearce, Seward, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Thomson, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson and Wilson—34.

NAYS—Messrs. Bragg, Bright, Green, Hemphill, Johnson of Arkansas, Lane, Mason, Nicholson, Polk, Powell, Rice and Wigfall—12.

Mr. Powell, of Tennessee, explained, by saying that he would have voted for the bill to suspend the postal service, but could not vote for the bill after it was amended, by giving so general a power.

The miscellaneous appropriation bill was taken up, and the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the various amendments placed on the bill while in committee.

Mr. Green, of Mobile, offered what is known as the Chiriqui amendment.

A question of order was raised as to the right to offer it as an amendment, but the amendment was received.

Mr. Green spoke in favor of its adoption, at considerable length.

Mr. Pearce, of Maryland, opposed it, and the discussion was continued for some time. The amendment was finally disagreed to - yeas 23, nays 25.

Mr. Rice, of Minnesota, offered an amendment providing for a Custom House and Post-Office building, at St. Paul, Minn.

Mr. Simmons, of Rhode Island, offered an amendment to repeal the provision in the act of 1860, which prevents the Secretary of War from purchasing patented articles.

Mr. Pearce said it had been repealed with the exception of firearms, and he did not want that provision repealed.

The amendment was adopted.

A message from the House, announcing that it had passed the tariff bill, but insisting on certain amendments, and asking for a Committee of Conference, was received.

Mr. Pearce offered an amendment to alter the apportionment of members of the House of Representatives, so as to divide the population by 238, instead of 233.

A discussion ensued.

Mr. Powell moved to adjourn. Lost.

Mr. Pearce withdrew his amendment.

Mr. Powell moved that the Sergeant-at-arms be directed to bring in absent members, but subsequently withdrew it.

The bill was then passed.

The Territorial bills were taken up, and made the special order for to-morrow. Adjourned.

HOUSE.—The House met at ten o'clock, and considered the Senate's amendment to the tariff bill.

During an incidental debate, Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, opposed the increased tax on iron, either for a horse shoe or a ring for a swine's snout, and proposed to reduce the duty on skates, which were used by ladies as well as gentlemen for healthful exercise. He was tired of the insatiable cry of Pennsylvania for protection to iron.

Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, said skates were used by public officeholders for "skeeting" away. [Laughter.]

Mr. Campbell, of Pennsylvania, earnestly denied that the bill was for the interest of Pennsylvania any more than for the producers of all parts of the country.

Mr. Lovejoy joined issue with him, denying that any producer was interested in the bill.

Mr. Cox, of Ohio, said that the bill was to be pressed through, in accordance with the Republican platform. He characterized it as a fiscal tyranny upon the great West. It was irony to suppose the producers there want protection. It was to benefit the iron makers of Pennsylvania.

About fifty of the one hundred and sixty amendments were acted on in the committee, which, at one o'clock arose, pursuant to previous order, and the entire subject was reported to the House.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, urged the necessity of concurring in all the amendments, to many of which he was opposed, and under other circumstances would vote against them, but he believed the very existence of the Government depends on the prompt passage of the bill, which is substantially the act of 1847. When the present Administration came into power, the public debt was twenty-nine millions, with nearly eighteen millions in the Treasury; but now the public debt is over ninety-six millions. The smallest possible amount that the Government can get on with during the next fiscal year is forty-eight millions. There was a necessity for the passage of this bill.

On his motion, the House proceeded to act, under the operation of the previous question, on all the amendments.

The Senate's amendment, fixing the duty at a cent and a half per pound on coffee, and four cents on tea, with the addition of ten per centum ad valorem, was rejected by a vote of 32 to 147.

Several gentlemen made brief and hurried explanations.

Mr. Killinger, of Pennsylvania, said that the Republicans were flinching in the support of the tariff at the critical moment and if the bill went back to the Senate it would be lost, therefore he would take the unpalatable amendments. Money must be had to carry on the Government, and to execute the laws, and this was the only chance to secure specific duties, and, at the same time, protect our suffering industrial interests. To effect these great objects, the people would justify him in impressing a temporary duty on tea and coffee, which was to be taken off as soon as the public debt was in a fair way of being liquidated.

All the amendments, save the last, relative to the warehousing system having been acted on, Mr. Branch, of North Carolina, moved to adjourn.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, said if the gentlemen on the other side were resorting to filibustering, for the purpose of staving off the consideration of his Volunteer bill, he would remind them that it had been postponed only with the understanding that it should be taken up at one o'clock to-day, after the tariff bill had been in committee to that hour.

Mr. Sickles, of New York, replied, that the gentleman had surrendered the day to the protectionists, and therefore he had no right to complain.

The motion to adjourn was negatived.

Mr. Branch, of North Carolina, moved to lay on the table the warehousing amendment, desiring to have this regarded as a test question.

The motion was disagreed to. Yeas 43, nays 101.

All the Senate's amendments having been concurred in except on tea and coffee, the bill will therefore have to be sent to the Senate for concurrence.

Mr. Sherman asked, and the House ordered, a committee of conference on the disagreeing votes of both Houses on this amendment.

Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, called for the order of the day, being his Volunteer bill.

Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, moved an adjournment, it being most 6 o'clock. Negatived.

Mr. Stanton succeeded in getting up his bill, which will be the first business in order tomorrow.

The House agreed that the hour of meeting hereafter be at 11 o'clock. Adjourned.

Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet.

WASHINGTON, Feb 25.—The most reliable report as to the construction of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet is as follows:

Secretary of State—Wm. H. Seward, of New York.

Attorney General—Judge Bates, of Missouri.

Secretary of the Navy—John A. Gilmer, of North Carolina.

Secretary of the Interior—C. B. Smith, of Indiana.

Postmaster General—Gideon Wells, of Connecticut.

Secretary of the Treasury—Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania.

Several gentlemen are prominently mentioned for Secretary of War.

This statement is thus communicated without vouching for its accuracy.

Mr Lincoln at the Capitol.

Visit to the Senate and House and Supreme Court.

WASHINGTON, Feb 25.—Mr. Lincoln, this afternoon, visited both chambers of Congress, accompanied by Mr. Seward. His appearance in each occasioned considerable stir, and many members crowded around to welcome him. Especially was this the case in the House, where he remained but a few minutes. The galleries partook of the common curiosity and excitement. While at the capitol, Mr. Lincoln paid his respects to the Justices of the Supreme Court, in their consultation room.

The Peace Conference.

An Encouraging Report from a Southern Member—Peace to be Preserved and the Union Restored.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 25.—The following extract from a letter from a distinguished Southern member of the Peace Conference has been received at the office of the American:

"As a matter of opinion, I can say that peace will be preserved and the Union restored. We have reached the bottom of our troubles, and henceforth our fortunes will be brighter. The Conference has met and overcome the territorial difficulties in a mode satisfactory to all the slave States represented, and we entertain no doubt that we shall overcome all other difficulties and reach a result on all the points in controversy to the satisfaction of a large majority, and peacefully close our labors on Tuesday. I cannot be more explicit."

The Southern Congress.

More Cabinet Appointments—Commissioners to Washington.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Feb. 23.—In the Convention to-day a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee to inquire into the present condition of the public lands.

Mr. Rhett announced that the Committee would report the form of a permanent Constitution on Wednesday.

The injunction of secrecy was removed from the Post-bill; also, from the confirmation of the following additional Cabinet appointments:

Postmaster General—T. Ulest of Mississippi.

Attorney General—J. P. Benjamin, of Louisiana.

The following Commissioners to Washington have been appointed:—Messrs. Abroman, of Louisiana; M J. Crawford, of Georgia, and John Forsythe, of Alabama.

It is understood that ex Senator Mallory, of Florida, will be Secretary of the Navy.

The Surrender of Gen. Twiggs.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—The War Department to-day received advices that Gen. Twiggs has surrendered to the revolutionists in Texas all the Government military property in his charge as Commander of that Military Department.

The Imposition of Duties at New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 25.—Collector Hatch has decided that all goods purchased and invoiced by the 28th inst. can be shipped by the steamer Bienville, for New York, on the 1st of March, free of duty.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25, 1861.

Just now things in the Peace Convention are at the crisis of their fate. Malignant partisans from New England and New York are pouring into the city to enact the part of overseers or whippers-in of such members of the Convention as manifest conservative inclinations. They are politicians by trade, and think that they are making political capital with Mr. Lincoln by so doing. But should he indicate his desire that the sectional difficulties may be accommodated, the opposition of these office-seekers will quickly vanish into thin air. Everything depends upon Mr. Lincoln. It is in his power to initiate steps that will satisfy the Union element in the border slave States, and thus lead to a reconstruction of the Union. Every act that he may put forth in that direction will be hailed with joy by business and laboring men everywhere, who have only begun to feel that injury to their interests that the continuance of political disturbances for another half year will precipitate with crushing weight.

Some of the more ultra Republicans here denounce Mr. Lincoln's sudden journey by night from Harrisburg to this point, saying that it is a trick of Seward, who has possession of him. If the assertion be true, then it is a happy augury. To the same effect is the report in Republican circles this morning, that ex-Gov. Chase will not probably be Secretary of the Treasury. He has been the card of the *fighting* Republicans, to neutralize the supposed overshadowing influence of Mr. Seward, and prevent him from being the successor of Lincoln. It is due Mr. Seward to say that he is undoubtedly more thoughtful of what relates to reconstructing the Union, than to unworthy objects of personal ambition.

I am informed that there was a correspondence, some time since, between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Gilmer of N. C., concerning Cabinet matters. Should sectional issues take an amicable turn, it will probably not be difficult to get some one or two Southern men as Cabinet officers besides Mr. Bates.

I hear in Republican circles that Gideon Wells, of Connecticut, is a prominent candidate for the position of Secretary of the Navy. Under Mr. Polk, he was Chief of one of the Bureaus in that Department. In Jackson and Van Buren's time, he was the able editor of the Hartford Times, and since has been a prominent contributor to Republican journals. He has a large stock of knowledge relating to American politics and politicians.

The Republican side of the Senate chamber appears as if the responsibilities of government are about to devolve upon their party. Whisperings and consultations are constant. Mr. Seward is retiring every minute or two to an ante-room, apparently for the purpose of laying down the law to lesser lights of his party. Mr. Hamlin is engaged in like manner with Republican Senators, and seems to be very strong and firm in his views, whatever they are. He is an old Democratic politician, and is, therefore, a much better tactician than most of the men with whom he is associated. That class of Republican politicians who were formerly Democrats have, thus far, been the most bitter foes of compromise, and if Lincoln is in his (Mr. Hamlin's) position, it will be felt for evil. If otherwise, he alone may exert a very conspicuous influence in behalf of peaceful measures. OBSERVER.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25, 1861.

As the Southern steamers sailed, on Saturday, for Savannah and Charleston, our meddlesome Metropolitan police busied themselves in overhauling the cargoes, to see if there was any "contraband of war" on board. The captain of the Huntsville gave notice to "the Janizaries," as the police are now coming to be called, that he would shoot the first man who would come on board to meddle with goods regularly shipped, unless he could show a warrant. The warning had the desired effect. The police did not venture on board, but retaliated on the captain by multiplying their impertinences on the wharf.

On Saturday last, the police took possession of 2000 copies of an obscene paper, called the "City Life." The supposed editor and proprietor, Francis O. Flood, John Mahoney, the alleged agent, and two boys, named Michael Heaney and Barney McIntyre, were taken into custody at the same time and held for examination.

A musical event of the current week will be the debut at the Academy of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, in the "Rigoletto," on Wednesday evening. "Un Ballo in Maschera" is to be withdrawn after to-morrow evening.

Mr. Forrest commences the 24th week of his engagement, at Niblo's this evening. He has now performed sixty-nine times in succession, and will play thirty-one nights more—three times a week—making 100 nights in all.

A heavy advance has taken place in the price of brandies, wines, gins, and other liquors, in consequence of the anticipated passage of the new tariff, which enhances the duty. The stock on hand is unusually light. New vintage Cognac, cannot be purchased lower than $2 90 a 3 35 per gallon.

The terms upon which the new Government loan has been taken, are much better than was anticipated here, and the result is, to strengthen the credit of the Government in financial circles.

A fire broke out on Wednesday last, on the first floor of the marble building on the northwest corner of Church street and Park Place, occupied by Wm. Watson & Co., dry goods dealers, and Chapman, Lyon & Noyes, dealers in fancy goods and jewelry. The stock of both firms was almost entirely consumed. Chapman, Lyon & Noyes, estimate their loss at $170,000 which is covered by insurance. They have a policy for $5000 in the Franklin, of Philadelphia. Watson & Co.'s loss is set down at $10,000; likewise insured; $10,000 of it in the North American, and $10,000 in the Delaware, Philadelphia.

The Commissioners of Emigration, at their weekly meeting, this afternoon, report:

No. of emigrants arrived to Feb. 13th,......	2993
" " since, to Feb. 20th,......	483
Total........................	3476
To same date in 1860..................	3002
Increase in 1861..................	474

Hon. Cornelius W. Lawrence, Collector of the Port under President Polk, and for twenty years President of the Bank of the State of New York, died on Wednesday, at his residence, at Bayside, near Flushing, in the 70th year of his age.

The following is a comparative statement of the imports of foreign dry goods, at the port of New York for the week and since January 1st:

	1859.	1860.	1861.
For the week.			
Entered at the port,	$765 519	$4 224 630	$2,340,417
Thrown on market,	971,157	4,228,181	2,837,783
Since January 1st.			
Entered at the port,	$18,466 348	$21,872,181	$16,402,591
Thrown on market,	19,285,735	22,365,917	12,515,603

The foreign importations last week were materially below those of the corresponding week last season, but largely in excess of 1859. Annexed are the usual Custom House tables:

	1859.	1860.	1861.
Dry Goods..........	$765.519	$4.224,630	$2 349,417
General Mdze........	1,953,720	1,823,496	2,289,381
Total for the week..	$2 7 9,239	$6.048 126	$4.629,802
Previously reported,	30 555,236	30,396,088	26,585,582
Since January 1st,	$33 244 465	$36,444,214	$31,215,384

The closing prices of Stocks at 3½ o'clock were as follows:

	Off.	Ask.		Off.	Ask.
U S 5s, 1874	86½	87	Reading R	44½	44⅝
Indiana 5s	—	—	Mich Central	58	58¼
Tennessee 6s,	74¼	74¾	Mich S & N I	14⅞	15
Virginia 6s	75½	76½	Do Guaran	33	33
Missouri 6s	66	66½	Panama R	114	114¼
Canton Co	—	—	Illinois Cent'l	81	81
Cum Coal Pref	—	—	Gal. & Chic R	*73¼	73½
Pacific M S Co	85½	85¾	Cleve & Tol R	35½	35⅝
N Y Central R	73⅝	73¾	Chi & R I	58⅝	59
Erie RR	32¾	33	C B & Quin	72½	73
Hud R RR	44¾	45	Ill Central 7s	96¼	96½
Harlem R	16½	16⅝	Del & Hud C Co	—	—
Harlem R pref	40	40½	Penna Coal	—	—

* Ex-dividend.

COTTON.—Is in fair request. 1200 bales were sold at 11⅜c for middling uplands.

FLOUR.—Western and State flour is in fair demand, and prices are unchanged. 10,000 bbls. were sold at $5 20 a 5 30 for superfine State and Western; $5 35 a 5 40 for extra State; $5 45 a 5 60 for low grades of Western extra, and $5 60 for shipping brands of round hoop extra Ohio. Southern flour continues in fair request. 1000 bbls. were sold at $5 50 a 5 85 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, and $5 90 a 7 for the better kinds. Rye flour is firm. Corn meal is in fair demand and steady.

GRAIN.—Wheat is in fair supply, and the demand is moderate; 40,000 bushels were sold at $1 24 a 1 25 for Milwaukie Club; $1 40 a 1 46 for white Ohio, and $1 50 a 1 57 for white Indiana. Barley is steady. Oats are dull and heavy; some sales were made at 35¼ a 37c. Corn is without any material change, and selling at 60 a 67c.

PROVISIONS.—The market for Pork is firmer, 450 bbls were sold at $13 for prime, and $16 75 for mess. Beef is steady at $8 75 a 9 75 for repacked mess. Lard is selling at 10 a 10¼c. Butter and Cheese are unchanged.

WHISKY—Is in good demand, 1700 bbls. were sold at 17¾ a 18c

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

Our correspondent at Washington intimates that the Pacific Railroad project is likely to fail in the Federal House of Representatives, and should it not fail there, that the President will veto it. In the present aspect of the country without any certainty that the Eastern terminus, the State of Missouri, will be in the Union at the end of the present year, and when we see the Treasury unable to meet current demands upon it, and unable to borrow money at less than twelve per cent., it is but ordinary prudence on the part of the Executive to stand still until something like *terra firma* is reached. At present we are all afloat, and as quite as much of the people's money has been invested in forts, arsenals, &c., out of the Union, as it is prudent to put into the hands of enemies of the Federal Government, we think it not only a wise precaution to pause, but that it is a positive duty on the part of the President to interpose the veto, to prevent so great a wrong as initiating an outlay like that contemplated.

The bank movement under our present system of currency is almost always a voluntary one. When the condition of the country and surrounding circumstances point to expansion, banking will expand, whether bankers will or no. It is equally uncontrollable when the tendencies of trade and business are in the opposite direction. For several weeks past contraction in all departments has been the order. The banking business has sympathized with every other, and still moves in the same direction of involuntary contraction of discounts and accumulation in the specie line, the latter now standing at a larger amount, as shown by the last statement of the New York banks, than was ever heretofore reported, and the actual sum now in their vaults is fully one million of dollars more than is shown by the average reported. The reason for the contraction which has continued since the middle of December is the extreme depression of general trade, resulting in a scarcity of paper up to bank grade, which causes the banks to keep on diminishing their lines, notwithstanding the large accumulation of means in their vaults. The deposits with the New York banks last week have increased a little more than the specie line. The ratio of specie reported to circulation and net deposits is 37 2-10 per cent., against 35 6-10 per cent. by the previous report, showing an increase of 1 6 10 per cent. for the week.

The bids for the eight million six per cent. Government loan were opened at Washington on Saturday at noon, the 23d inst. There were about one hundred and sixty bids made, covering in all $14,363,000—nearly double the amount desired. The rate rules at almost all points, from 80 to 96 per cent. All bids under 90 15 100 will be ruled out. Over four and a half millions of the amount is taken at this rate by Ketchum, Son & Co., New York. The balance of the five millions is divided among a great number of small bidders at higher rates. Among the Philadelphia bidders we notice the names of V. & J. F. Gilpin & Co., $6000, 92¼; Stephen G. Fotterall, $10,000, at 93; Parker Owen, $5000, at 88¼; J. B. Budd, $10,000 at 92, $10,000 at 91, and $10,000, at 90; William J. Palmer (attorner), $10,000, at 85, and Thomas H. Dudley, Camden, N. J., $6000, at 86 25. There are some considerable bids from Boston and Washington, but the bulk of the offerings are from New York, and not a dollar bid from the South. The rates at which the loan is taken are quite as favorable as was expected under the circumstances, and shows that the Government still has the faith and credit of capitalists.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday, as corrected by D. M. ROBINSON & Co., Stock Brokers, No. 138 South Third street, Philadelphia:

	Par	Bid	Ask		Par	Bid	Ask
U S 6s '67	100	..	..	Leh Nav shs	50	48½	49
U S 6s '62	100	..	..	" Scrip	50	34¼	34¾
U S 6s '82	100	..	..	" 6 per ct	100	101¼	..
Germant'n G	50	49	50	" 6s mtg	100	101¼	..
Richmond G	10	9¾	10	Morris Canl	100	59½	..
Moyamen G	10	9¾	10	" prefd	100	108½	109½
Philada 6s	100	97	97	" bds	100	90½	91
" R	100	97	97	Ches & Del	200	36	..
" G Ln	100	97	97½	" 6s '35	100	71	76
" N Ln	100	101½	101½	Union C shs	50	..	..
" coup'n	100	101½	101½	" pref 6s	50	..	..
" 5s	100	80	90	" bonds	100	15	20
Camden 6s	100	93	95	Susq & Tide	50	..	4
Pittsb'g m 6s	100	60	70	" bds '78	100	..	30
" cp bds	100	..	..	Cam&Am R	100	114¾	115
" R 6s	100	44	50	" 6s '64	100	90	..
Alleg City 6s	100	62	70	" 6s '64	100	..	..
" co R is	100	44	50	" 6s '67	100	82	..
Penna 6s	100	100	103	" 6s '70	100	81	..
" 5s	100	88	88½	" 6s '75	100	82	..
" 5s cp	100	88	90	" 6s '83	100	82	83
Tenn 6s	100	..	..	" 6s '89	100	80	..
" 5s cpn	100	..	..	" 6s '63	100	..	..
Cincinna 6s	100	95	..	Phil & Trn R	100	106	..
" 6s W W	100	..	..	" bds '68	100	..	100
Kent'y 6s	100	..	..	Penna R	50	39¾	39⅞
St Louis 6s	100	..	..	" 6s 1st m	100	100	101
N Amer Bk	100	125	..	" 2d mtg	100	89	89¾
Commonw'h	50	..	40	L Schuyl R	50	13¾	13¾
Philadelp'a	100	105	..	" bds	100	..	75
Far & Mec	50	51	..	Diamond C	100	..	..
Commercial	50	44	..	Del R en 6s	100	77	80
N Liberties	50	56	..	" 6s mt	100	80	83
Mechanics'	20	23	24	Beaver M R	50	59	59¾
Southwark	50	66	..	Phil.G& NR	50	49¼	50
Kensington	50	55	..	" 6s	100	..	..
Penn Town	35	33	..	Reading R	50	22¼	22¾
Girard	50	40¼	41¼	" m 6s '43	100	90	90¾
Western	50	56¾	..	" m 6s '44	100	90	90½
Manu & Mec	25	23	24	" 6s '48	100	90	90¾
Commerce	50	63	..	" m 6s '70	100	84	..
Tradesm's	50	63	..	" m 6s '36	100	72	72¾
City	50	35	..	Minehill R	50	57¾	58
Consolidat'n	50	..	20½	" Scrip	50	..	..
Corn Exch	25	..	26	H'rMJ&LR	50	55	..
Union	50	..	32	" R bds	100	..	..
Camden	50	60	..	" bds '68	100	..	..
" Far & M	50	..	..	" R bs '83	100	..	..
Germant'n	50	..	..	N Penna R	50	8¾	8¾
Miner's Pitts	50	42½	45	" 6s	100	65	65½
Trenton B C	40	45	..	" 10s	100	92	92½
Bk Pittsb'g	50	50	..	Phil & Sun7s	..	..	..
Mer & Manu	50	..	53	Chester V R	50	..	1½
Exchange	50	50	..	" 7s	100	31	..
Kentucky	100	100	105	Lehigh V R	50	51	51¼
" North	100	105¾	..	" 6s	100	..	..
Louisville	100	100	..	Elmira R pf	50	12	12½
Farmers'	100	..	..	Elmira con	50	..	..
Tenn Union	100	71	80	" 1st m bds	100	..	65½
" Plants'	100	80	..	CatawisR pf	50	8⅜	9
Wash G Lgt	20	..	..	" bonds	100	..	..
Pa&LehZinc	50	11	16	Tioga R shs	50	..	..
N Creek Co	10	..	..	" 7s	100	..	..
N Amer Ins	10	16	16¾	Phil W&BR	50	34¼	36
Penna "	200	230	275	" cp bds	100	94	94¼
Phœnix "	20	10	..	Sun & E shs	50	..	..
Dela Mu "	25	20	21½	" 7s	100	..	..
S Garden "	30	26	..	Cum Val R	50	..	..
Life& Annui	100	125	..	L Island R	50	10	10¾
Amer Fire	75	91¾	96	" 6s	100	80	81½
Penna "	100	100	..	N Lib Gas	25	23	32
Franklin "	100	..	..	Philada Ex	100	60	70
County "	50	..	..	Fifth & 6thR	50	..	..
Del Div Cnl	50	40	..	Second St R	50	41½	..
" 6s	100	..	..	W Philad R	50	55¼	55¾
Sch Nav shs	50	6	7¾	Spruce St R	5	8½	9
" prfd	50	16½	17	Chesnut StR	50	..	..
" loan '72	100	..	85	Race St R	18	12½	13¾
" loan '82	100	66½	66½	Green St R	50	15	15½
" boat ln	100	60	60½	Girard L&T	25	30¾	32
" imp ln	100	..	..	Acady of M	100	..	35
New York Stocks.				**Baltimore Stocks.**			
N Y Cen R	100	78¾	..	Balt City 6s	100	95½	96¾
Ill Cen R	100	..	80½	Maryland 6s	100	100	100¼
Rock Isl R	100	..	58¾	Balt R 6s '85	100	..	80½
Gal & Chi R	100	..	73¾	" shs	100	58¾	59¾
Mich South	100	..	15	N Cen R shs	50	13½	14
Cleve & Tol	50	..	35½	"	100	48	50

A story is going the rounds of the newspapers, to the effect that the engraving and printing of the bonds for the proposed eight millions Government loan will cost the snug sum of one hundred and two thousand dollars, whereas, as we are informed by an intelligent engraver, the cost would not reach one-tenth of that amount. This is something of a difference, and although it is very doubtful if bonds of the denomination named will be authorized, it is entirely proper that the truth in the matter should be stated.

Col. James Page, the President of the Union Canal Company, has just published an exhibit of the affairs of that unfortunate work. The management of the Company, it is known, is wholly in the hands of Trustees, under the mortgage of 1857. The total revenues last year were $109 929, from which, after deducting drawbacks, expenses, etc., is left in the hands of the Trustees $45,132. Deducting from this balance $10,000 to put the Canal in navigable order the coming Spring, and $4,400 to adjust damages, and there will remain $30,732, which, should the proposed plan of settlement between the bondholders and general creditors be consummated, will warrant the payment at once of a dividend of one per cent on $3,000,000, and leave a surplus of $732. The report says there is some slight reason to hope that existing difficulties in the Company may be arranged, when the one per cent. may be paid and the Canal restored to the Company. The business of last year, as compared with that of 1859, shows a falling off of less than two thousand dollars. Under favorable circumstances, if returned to the control of the Company, and worked by strict economy, it is thought the revenues may be increased to an amount sufficient to pay full interest on the funded debt of three millions of dollars. The report is a plain and direct statement of facts, without gloss or varnish, and while it shows the desperate condition of the Company, points to the only possible mode by which it may be made to pay and rendered most useful to the region of country through which it passes.

The plates for the twenty-five millions Government loan are in the hands of "the American Bank Note Company," and are in considerable forwardness to completion. There are four of them, of the denomination, respectively of $500, $1000, $5000 and $10,000.

The Pittsburg Banks, in their last week's statement as compared with that of the previous week, show a decrease of $187,445 of loans, and $124,477 of deposits and an increase of $49,833 of specie, and $92 965 of circulation.

The Planters' Bank of Tennessee, has declared a dividend of four per cent., payable to Philadelphia stockholders at the Western Bank, on and after March 1.

The holders of the six per cent. Gas loan, No. 3, of the City of Philadelphia, are notified that the certificates of said loan are redeemable on the first day of March next, at the Philadelphia Gas office, after which time, the interest on the same will cease.

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 25.—At Phillips' Avenue Drove Yard during the week, the sales of Cattle amounted to 1332 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 9½c per lb. Cows—70 were disposed of at from $20 to $40 each. Sheep—3500 were sold at prices ranging from 4 to 5¾ cents per lb, gross. Hogs—1260 were sold at from $7 to 8 per cwt, net. The sales of Hogs at Imhoff's Union Hog Yard, amounted to 2168 head, at from $6 75 to 8 per cwt., net, according to quality.

HAY MARKET.—During the past week, the sales of hay amounted to 425 loads. The prices realized were from 70 to 80 cents per cwt for the mixed quality, and from 80 to 90 cents for the best. There has been no marked change in the price of hay for several weeks past. Straw has slightly advanced. 70 loads were sold; the best quality brought as high as 85 cents per cwt; and the ordinary was disposed of at about 79 cents per cwt.

ALLEGHENY, (near Pittsburg,) February 21.—Beeves—There were 606 head offered; 482 were sold at prices ranging from 2½ to 4 cents per lb., gross; the balance, 126 head, were sent east. Hogs—There were 1775 head offered, of which but 199 were sold at prices ranging from 5¼ to 5¾. The balance were sent East. Sheep—There were 733 head offered, but as there were no buyers they were all sent East.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 21.—Beef Cattle.—The offerings amounted to 625 head; prices at the close were decidedly stiffer. Of the above offerings, 100 were driven to Philadelphia, and the balance (525 head) were taken up by Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $3 to 4 75. Average, $3 75 per 100 lbs. Hogs—Sales were made of fair to prime lots at $7 75 to 8 25 per 100 lbs. Sheep—There was an abundant supply at market to-day, but the demand was not active. Sales were made at $4 to 5, gross.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—The opening day was considered the hardest day for drovers; prices low; fair, and good selling at 6¾ a 8c.; prime, 8½ a 8¾c.; a few at 9c.; extra, 9¼c., and premium 9¾ a 10½c., the latter price for a pair of fine steers, weighing at home 5500 pounds, sold at $3 a 2 50 to a Brooklyn butcher. There were a good many fancy stocks in the yards, and such could not be sold at anything like their real value. Average sales 7740, at 7¼c. Sheep and Lambs—The sheep and lamb market is lower; we quote live at 4½ a 5¼c.; dressed sucking hides tend fat, 9 a 10c.; very fine over 9¼c. The average of all sales this week was about $4 50 per head. Veal Calves and Milch Cows.—The market for Calves was decidedly quiet; sales at 4½ to 7 cents; supply ample for demand. Milch Cows are dull. We quote at $25 a 60, as to quality; very few over $45; sales generally at $30 a 40. The stock is mainly of common to middling. Swine.—The market this week is slow and prices continue to favor the buyer. We quote live at 5¼ a 5½c for corn fed, and distillery fed at 4¾ a 5c. Dressed hogs are dull at 6¾ a 7c, a few fancy city slaughtered at 7¼ a 7¾c. The arrivals are not so liberal.

BRIGHTON, (near Boston,) Feb. 21.—At market, 800 Beeves, 1500 Sheep and Lambs, and 200 Swine. Prices—Market Beef—First quality, $6 75 a 7; second quality, $6 a 6 50; third quality, $5. Sheep and Lambs—$1 25 a 2; extra, $2 75 a 3 45. Swine—Stores, wholesale, 5¾ a 7c; retail, 6 a 7¼ cents.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 20.—At market, about 450 Beeves. Prices of Market Beef—Extra $6 25 a 6 50; first quality $5 75; second quality, $5; third quality, $3 00. Sheep and Lambs—1830 at market; prices in lots, $1 50 a 1 75 each. Extra, $2 50 to 3 50, or from 3½ to 6c per lb.

PHILAD'A WHOLESALE MARKET.

Business opens slowly, the uncertainty in regard to our political relations with the South having a tendency to limit operations in all branches of trade. Quercitron Bark is wanted, and if here would bring full prices. Breadstuffs have attracted rather more attention, and the prices of most kinds are better. Cotton, Coal and Iron have ruled dull, but without any material variation to note in prices. Provisions continue very quiet. *Bark*—Fine ground 1st No 1 is scarce at $25 per ton; holders generally refuse that price. *Beeswax*—Good yellow would readily bring 31 a 32c. per lb. *Coal*—Orders come in slowly, and the demand both for shipment and home use is limited at about previous quotations. *Coffee*—Some 5000 bags have changed hands; Rio at 11½ a 13c.; Laguayra at 14c.; St. Domingo 12½c. and Java, mostly in a neighboring market, at 15¾ a 16c. *Copper*—A limited business doing in both Sheathing and Yellow Metal. *Cotton*—Some 500 bales found buyers, at irregular rates, ranging from 10½ to 13½c for ordinary to middling and middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, mostly of the former, cash and time. *Feathers*—We quote good Western at 46 a 48c. per lb as to lots. *Fish*—No. 1 Mackerel are selling at $15 a 17; 2s at $9 a 12 for small and large fish, and 3s at $9¼, $9¾ and $5 per bbl. for large, medium and small size. Pickled Herring are jobbing out at $3 per bbl., and Dry Cod at $3 25 a 3 50 the 100 lbs. *Fruit*—Sales of Oranges and Lemons are making at $2 a 2 50 for the former and $3 per box for the latter; 600 bags North Carolina Pea Nuts sold at $1 35 a 1 40 per bushel. *Flour and Meal*—Holders have put up the prices of Flour 12½ a 25c. per bbl. within the last few days. Sales reach some 10,000 a 12,000 bbls mostly for shipment, at $5 a 5 12½ for superfine; $5 75 for Brandywine; $5 25 a 5 50 for extras; $5 37½ a 5 75 for extra family, and $5 a 6 50 for fancy brands; sales to the trade have been within the same range of prices, closing firm but rather quiet at the advance. Rye Flour is sold in lots at $3 50 a 3 62½ per bbl, mostly at the former rate. Corn Meal continues dull, Penna being freely offered at $2 87½ per bbl., without sales. *Grain*—Sales of Wheat reach about 25,000 bushels at from $1 20 a 1 28 for common to good and prime Western and Penna reds; $1 28 a 1 30 for Southern do., and $1 31 a 1 50 for common to good and choice white the latter for Kentucky, mostly in store. Rye—4000 bushels Penna and New York sold at 68 a 69c. Corn—Some 20,000 bushels, mostly new yellow, sold at 56 a 60c., chiefly at 57 a 59c. in store and in the cars, which is an advance of 2c. per bushel; old yellow 63 a 65c. Oats—Sales include 15,000 bushels at 32 a 33½c. for good and choice Penna and Southern—chiefly at 32½c. Barley and Malt are quiet, at 70 a 75c. Of Mill Feed, further sales are reported at $18 a 19 per ton. *Ginseng*—Prices are firm, but no sales are reported. *Guano*—The demand is limited but there are no changes in prices. *Hemp*—Is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers. *Hops*—Sales light at 28 a 36c. for new crop, Eastern and Western; old Hops very dull. *Iron*—Prices rule unsettled and in favor of the buyers. Among the sales are 1200 a 1500 tons, mostly forge, part to go West, on terms kept private. No change in bars and rails, and the sales limited. *Lead*—Virginia is selling at about $5 75 the 100 lbs. *Lumber*—The only sales we hear of are 100,000 English Laths at $1 80, and some yellow sap Boards at $14 a 15 per M. *Molasses*—Sales of 300 bbls. New Orleans at 36 a 37c., and 40 hhds new crop Cuba at 20c on the usual terms. *Naval Stores*—Some 400 bbls good No. 2 Rosin sold from store at $1 40, 4 months; 200 bbls No. 1 at $1 90; Tar in lots at $2 37½ a 2 50 for Newbern and Wilmington, and Pitch at from $1 75 to $1 90 per bbl. Spirits Turpentine close at 38 a 39c per gallon. *Oils*—A moderate business doing in Sperm and Whale. Lard Oil sells at 90 a 95c., as in quality. Linseed is active at 51 a 52c. in casks and bbls., and the crushers not anxious to sell. *Plaster*—In the absence of sales we quote soft nominally at $2 75 a $3 per ton. *Provisions*—There is little or no demand for barrelled Meats, and the market is dull at $18 a 18¼ for mess Pork, and $12 a 14 per bbl. for city mess Beef. A sale of 100 bbls Beef Hams was made at $16; dressed Hogs are quoted at $7 the 100 lbs. Bacon—At 10¼ a 10½c for sides and 8¾c for prime shoulders, usual terms. Hams sell slowly within the range of 11 a 12½c for plain and fancy cured. Of green meats the sales have been limited; we quote at 7 a 7½c for shoulders and 9 a 9½c for sides in salt, and 9 a 9½c for hams in salt and pickle, the latter for fancy lots on time. Sales of Lard at 9¾ a 10½c for tierces and bbls., and 11¾ a 11½c for kegs, cash and time; sales in all reach 1200 pkgs. Butter continues dull at 12 a 18c for roll and 9 a 10c for packed. Cheese is steady at 10 a 11c. Eggs are selling at 14½c per dozen. *Rice*—About 120 casks sold at 4 a 4½c per lb, mostly at the latter rate, on time. *Seeds*—Prime Cloverseed is scarce at $4 25 a 4 75 for common to good quality. Timothy is wanted at $2 50 a 2 75, and domestic Flaxseed at $1 43 a 1 45 per bushel. Sales of Red Top are reported at $2 a 2 25 per sack. *Spirits*—N. E. Rum is selling at 30 a 33c as to lots. Whisky is rather firmer at the close, with sales of Penna bbls at 17 a 17½c; Western do. 17½ a 18c., Drudge at 16½, and hhds at 17c. *Sugars*—Some 4 a 500 hhds Cuba sold at 5¾ a 5¾c and New Orleans at 6 a 6¾c, all on the usual credit; damaged at 4¾ a 4½c. cash, sold to-day by auction. *Tallow*—Sales of rendered at 9¾ a 9¾c per lb. *Tobacco*—There is rather more doing in manufactured, but Leaf is quiet and prices firm. *Wool*—The market has been very quiet and the sales confined to a few small lots, mostly Fleece, at about previous rates. The inquiry is very light.

Freights—Continue dull. Among the engagements to Liverpool, part of which have been kept private, are some oil cake and cloverseed at 42 a 45s., and 300 boxes bacon at 42s 6d. per ton. To London we hear of nothing doing. West India freights are active and rates about the same, the scarcity of suitable vessels limiting operations. To the South there is only a moderate business doing and no change in quotations. Boston freights are inactive. We quote at 5 a 6c for oats and corn, 6c for measurement goods, and $2 25 a 2 50 per ton for pig and manufactured iron. Coal freights are very quiet. The last engagements were at $1 40 to New York, $1 50 to Petersburg and Richmond, $2 to Boston, $2 to Charleston, and $4 per ton to New Orleans.

PRICES OF FLOUR AND GRAIN.

The following were the prices of Flour, Wheat, Grain and Oats, at the several points named, at the latest dates received:

	Flour.	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats
Philadelphia..........	5 12	1 34	56	33
New York..........	5 15	1 32	64	37
Buffalo..........	5 00	1 15	58	28
Cleveland..........	4 00	1 09	38	24
Wilmington, Del..........	5 40	1 40	68	34
Richmond..........	5 00	1 30	65	34
Cincinnati..........	4 60	1 15	34	30
Trenton, N. J..........	5 25	1 35	68	33
St. Louis..........	5 00	1 10	43	31
Baltimore..........	5 25	1 31	63	34
Albany..........	5 50	1 30	68	36
Alexandria, Va..........	5 25	1 37	75	53
Boston..........	5 12	—	70	39
New Orleans..........	5 62	—	64	58
Pittsburg..........	4 75	1 10	40	26
Louisville..........	5 15	1 10	57	50½
Chicago..........	4 50	80	44	18
Rochester..........	5 50	1 20	64	36
Detroit..........	5 50	1 20	56	34
Toledo..........	4 50	1 20	50	37
Milwaukie..........	4 00	77	54	37

MARRIED.

On the 14th inst., near Sculltown, at the residence of the bride's father, by Friends' ceremony, in the presence of Alfred T. Jester, Esq., EDWARD B. ENGLE, of Salem county, to MARY, daughter of Nathan Conrad, of Gloucester county, all of New Jersey.

On the 8th inst., by the Rev. J. W. Jackson, Mr. LEWIS H. WARD to Miss LYDIA OLER, all of this city.

On the 16th instant, by Rev. W. Mullin, Mr. EDWARD M. HOOPER and Miss MAGGIE ECKFELDT, both of this city.

February 14th, 1861 by Rev. R. M. Greenbank, Mr. JACOB BUNN, of Berks county, to Miss HARRIET NEIMAN, of Montgomery county.

On the 18th inst., by the Rev. Malachi Taylor, at the residence of the bride's mother, HENRY HATHAWAY to Miss CHRISTINA ROBB, both of this city.

On the 19th inst., in West Philadelphia, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. LEMUEL J. PRICKITT, of Medford, N. J., to Miss ELIZABETH HAINES, of Scullstown, N. J. [Burlington county papers, Salem Sunbeam, and Gloucester County Times, please copy.]

On the 24th instant, by the Rev. Isaac B. Smith, Mr. A. M. PARK to ALICE C. CUCKNELL, both of this city.

DIED.

ANDREWS.—On the 19th inst., Miss JANE ANDREWS, in the 44th year of her age.

BICKEL.—On the 19th instant, ADAM BICKEL, aged 38 years and 11 months.

BOYER.—At Williamsport, Indiana, on the 16th inst., WM. R. BOYER, formerly of this city, in the 46th year of his age.

BOYLE.—On the 20th inst., WILLIAM BOYLE, aged 44 years.

CROCKETT.—On Tuesday morning, 19th instant, Mrs. JANE M. CROCKETT, relict of the late Henry Crockett, in the 76th year of her age.

ESTELL.—On Third-day evening, 19th inst., ANN, widow of the late Daniel Estell, in the 83d year of her age.

GRAHAM.—On the 19th inst., Capt. WESLEY GRAHAM, in the 53d year of his age. [Delaware papers please copy.]

McKENNA. On the 19th instant, MARGARET McKENNA, in the 29th year of her age.

REESE.—On the 19th inst., MARY REESE, relict of the late David Reese, of Great Valley, Chester County, in the 71st year of her age.

SELLERS.—On Sunday, the 17th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH SELLERS, wife of James Sellers, in the 58th year of her age.

VIRDEN.—On the 18th inst., DANIEL VIRDEN, aged 77 years.

EDITOR WANTED.—A person competent as ASSISTANT EDITOR of an established Daily Morning Newspaper, ready with the pen, of good habits, and willing to devote himself to the duties of his position. Aptness to perceive and ability to write on any subject, and condense the points of interest in general intelligence and public affairs, are desirable qualifications. Situation permanent and salary liberal. Address "Daily Paper," Ledger Office, Philadelphia, Pa fe27-1t§

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[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE HAUNTED LANE.

BY DI VERNON.

In the midnight's silent hour,
When the moon with all her power
Poured her bright rays o'er the plain,—
Down New Utretcht's slippery lane
Stalked a ghost full ten feet high!
Scaring every creature nigh,
That chanced that hour to pass him by.
Even the big dogs dared not bark,
But only made a plaintive whine,
And every puss kept in the dark
Beneath the fence, and "gave no sign."
For, as the ghost came tramping on,
A rumbling, thundering sound he made,
As if he weighed at least a ton.
The earth caved in beneath his tread!
And not one mortal in the place
But feared to meet him face to face.

Now, up in the village there lived a youth,
Born 'neath the planet Mars was he—
Bold as a lion was he in sooth,
How he *laid that ghost* I'll let you see.
As the lordly lion leaves his lair,
Courage flowing in every hair,
This warlike youth thus sallied forth,
To find what the head of a ghost was worth.
Forth issued he from his father's door,
His three feet beard going on before,
And if his courage was known by his beard,
Every ghost in the country might be scared!

The hour was eleven—about half past—
The moon was shining with all her might;
And on went our hero—his steps were fast—
His courage was screwed up—*screwed up tight.*
On he strode down the haunted lane,
Armed with a dandy's delicate cane.
Hither looked he, and thither looked he—
Upward and downward he spied—
But never a ghost or a goblin could see—
Where did the scaramouch hide?
At last, along the fence he saw
A something that filled his soul with awe—
A long, black shadow that lay supine,
Looking like—something that *isn't divine.*
"Hullo!" cried our hero, "ho! ghost! is that you?
"I'm ready to fight you and all of your crew!"
With that the ghost rose up, and rose up, and rose up—
"Stop there!" cried the youth, "oh, Lord! *how he goes up!*
Stop! you confounded, blundering ghost!
Here am I, in myself a host—
If I come at you with my stick,
I'll settle your hash for you mighty quick!
Stop! you, Goliath, second edition!
I'll prove a David without any doubt,
You'll soon tumble down from your lofty position—
You'll wish in a moment *I* hadn't come out.
Stop! you great gawky! you overgrown thing!
Let me get at you. *I'll clip your wing!*"
With that, he rushed forward, but woful to tell,
He *stepped on his beard,* and over he fell!
Did he dream? or was the ghost laughing, "haw! haw!
That's the finest tumble down *I* ever saw!"
Up on his feet in a minute he sprung—
"Goblin or mortal, it seems you've a tongue!
Take *this,* then!" and fiercely he gave him a poke
Right under the ribs. That blow was no joke!
For sharp at the point was the dandified cane—
And the ghost halloed murder and bellowed with pain.
"And here goes another, you monster poltroon!
For do what you wil you're a cowardly loon!"
And so the ghost proved, for he never showed fight,
But turned on his heel and was soon out of sight.
And home went the victor, of his victory vain,
And never more haunted was New Utrecht Lane.

THE FARMER.

[We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of the year it will be discontinued, unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

PATENT OFFICE AGRICULTURAL REPORTS.

Their Uses and Defects.

And now, since I have commenced giving you my views in regard to what our Patent Office Agricultural Reports are and what they ought to be to promote our agricultural interests as a nation, allow me to continue the subject by laying before you some additional hints for your consideration.

I have already shown you that these Reports cover a period of twenty-one years, and that although they have done some good, yet they have failed to make our rural population acquainted with those wondrous and ever active principles of nature and of soils, manures and growing plants that constitute, and ever must constitute, the basis of our improved and successful husbandry. And they have failed to do so because the information embodied in these reports has, for the most part, been nothing more than the mere repetition of *what we knew long ago*—long before the idea of these reports entered into the mind of Mr. Ellsworth. And now, I ask, what is the use of repeating the same thing over and over again to us every year—with this difference only, to wit, that the same old ideas are presented to us in a new form or in different words? "*It will improve the minds of our youth who are still ignorant of these things,*" says one. And I admit that it will do that and that is about all the good it will do, for it certainly will not and cannot *enlarge* or in any way materially *improve* the knowledge of those who knew these same truths long ago. For the only possible way of enlarging and improving the knowledge of such men is to give them *new* ideas, both theoretical and practical—ideas based upon sound philosophy—good and substantial reasons. And this, by the way, is a very difficult thing to do, for it requires a vast amount of learning, long and careful study, and a critical investigation and very correct understanding of causes and of effects—matters that but few men, comparatively speaking, are able to master. Still it can be done and must be done, if the people of our Union desire our annual National Agricultural Reports to be what they ought to be.

I am not able to say by whom the first ten volumes of these Reports, embracing the period from 1839 to 1849, were prepared. But it is not material for us to know who did the work. The volumes of 1847 and 1848, however, contain some valuable essays touching the more abstruse and difficult branches of human knowledge that have either a direct or an incidental learning upon agriculture as an art and as a science. The Reports for the years 1849, 1850, 1851 and 1852 were prepared by Dr. Daniel Lee, of the State of New York, who was called by the then Secretary of the Interior (Thomas Ewing, of Ohio,) to take charge of the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office. And Dr. Lee's essays in said reports exhibit talents of a high order, and also laborious, and, to some extent, successful efforts in making our Agricultural Reports what they ought to be as guides and instructors for our toiling agricultural millions. For his essays were always to the point, and always embodied something new, worthy of the study and the attention not only of the philosopher but also of the practical man. But even the trains of thought pursued by Dr. Lee may be greatly and profitably enlarged and improved if the right sor of a man is selected to manage our Nationa Agricultural Bureau. In 1853 Dr. Lee wa succeeded in his office by D. J. Browne, wh prepared the Agricultural Reports of 1853, 1854 1855, 1856, 1857 and 1858, six volumes in all. Bu as Mr. Browne's talents were of an inferior orde, and his labors consisted merely in gleaning in formation from the pages of other writers, and in adding nothing new or important of his own, his reports have, so far as it regards scientific agriculture, but little to recommend them to our notice. For the best things in his reports have invariably come from the pens of other writers and under their own signatures.

In 1859 D. J. Browne seems to have been succeeded in office by the Hon. Thomas G. Clemson, who appears, so far as I have been able to judge from the reading of his essay on "Fertilizers," [see Ag. Rep. 1859, p. 136] to be a man of ability, far superior to Browne, and possessing a cast of mind similar to that of Dr. Lee. But whether he could properly follow in the footsteps of Dr. Lee, and superadd thereto the necessary materials of thought now demanded to enable us to make the desired progress in agricultural improvements and reforms, I am unable to say, but I am inclined to think it very doubtful.

And now, perhaps, some one will be ready to say, "Well, if we are to put nothing into a book but what is *really new,* our annual Agricultural Report will always be a *very small one.*" And, strictly carried out, this would, indeed, be true. But you will please bear it in mind that we are not to value a book according to its bulkiness, or the number of pages contained in it, but always according to the *scientific and practical value* of its contents, and of that alone. For twenty or thirty pages of printed matter, or even less, may embody newly-discovered truths that will, for ages to come, annually be worth millions of dollars to us as a nation, while a whole cart-load of novels, and other loose and inaccurate knowledge, would not be worth a dollar to us so far as their real utility is concerned. Moreover if our annual Agricultural Report should thus actually become a small, a little book, why it will not be any loss to us, but rather a gain. For it will cost our nation far less money to print, bind and circulate a small book than it will to print, bind and circulate a large book. Nor is this the only advantage, for the money so saved will enable us to print, bind and circulate over our land double and treble as many small volumes as we are now doing of large ones. And our rural population will also be more likely to read a small book than a large one, especially when they find something new on almost every page of such small book. But there is no necessity for confining the book to this narrow limit of new things only. For brief sketches of our various rural subjects, embracing the most important of our *old* agricultural truths in a clear and attractive form, may every year be introduced into the Report. And these sketches will be interesting and useful to all classes, both old and young, as our youth will in this way learn what they do not yet know but ought to know, while we who have long since known these things will thus have our own past knowledge on these points recalled to mind and perhaps in some degree strengthened and improved. In fact, since I have turned my attention to agricultural subjects, and since I have read the best works on scientific and practical agriculture that I could get my hands on, I have *often felt enraged* to see *how little* really valuable agricultural information there is contained in the numerous and ponderous volumes, both ancient and modern, that have been written and printed upon this subject. And we are still going on making one addition after another to this vast and almost useless pile of thought, and not one thought out of a thousand thoughts that we are putting on this pile, contains within itself anything worthy of its preservation! Surely, surely, we need a reform in this wonderful multiplication of nearly useless books, great big things with nothing in them! almost as hollow as a pig's full-blown bladder that contains nothing but wind.

I have sent you these critical remarks concerning our Patent Office Agricultural Reports as they seem to have an intimate connection with, if they do not form essential parts of, what I have already written upon the subjects of Book-Farming, Agricultural Schools and Colleges, and Legislation to Promote the Interests of Agriculture. A PENNSYLVANIAN.

Milton, Northumberland Co., Pa., 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

"HUNGARIAN."

"Many men of many minds."

Having had three years' experience in the culture of "Hungarian Grass," I confidently believe I understand it and its requirements, and I can but wonder that other persons with the same experience will differ from me, but its merits are my present theme. Hungarian Grass was first introduced into Iowa by a Hungarian exile in the year 1855. He brought about a quart of the seed in his carpet-bag. He sowed it in June. The seed, rejoicing in its extremely rich bed, brought forth an hundred fold for its owner. The first seed I ever saw was at the St. Joseph (Missouri) Fair, in the fall of 1857. Some farmers from Iowa brought it in wagons and held it at $5 per bushel, speaking at the same time of its extraordinary merits. I bought some and sowed it early in May. After sowing there came a cold, wet spell. The seed was killed almost entirely. Nothing daunted I concluded to try next year and not sow quite as early. I delayed sowing until the first week in June, put it on new ground, and sowed one-third of a bushel to the acre, harrowed and rolled. Mowing time came on about the 20th of August, and "James' river" what a crop! Four tons to the acre was a safe calculation. The heads looked like large brown caterpillars from four to seven inches long, and when the wind blew it seemed as if the whole field was alive with them. But therein I erred, for the heads were too large, the straw too large, and leaves too large, consequently had to use great discretion in feeding this crop. The reason, as before stated, was that when it was fed to stock, horses for instance, they only ate the heads and a few of the best leaves, and left the stiff straw like a lot of pipe-stems in their manger; from this I learned that more seed was wanted, so last year I sowed half a bushel to the acre, consequently I had smaller heads and smaller straw, which last was the great desideratum; for if the stock can be prevailed upon to eat the straw along with the heads there is no danger. Some persons object to it on account of its affecting the urine. This should not be used to its prejudice, for, like any other rich food, it creates thirst, and of course the more they drink, the more must pass from them. It is invaluable for milch cows. They not only eat it with a peculiar relish but it actually increases their flow of milk. My wife tells me it makes a good deal more cream than the usual feed, and the sample of butter on my supper table is yellow. It never fails to make yellow butter in the dead of winter.

My plan of managing Hungarian is as follows: Select a new piece of land, or land with the fewest weeds, plow and harrow the ground previous to sowing. If you have a seed-drill use it, if not, take pains in sowing to get it even, as you can't always tell when it is going to rain. The plowing and sowing had better be done same day, for the land being yet moist gives the seed a good start. After sowing half a bushel to the acre, harrow it; by turning the harrow over on its back, will prevent it being put in too deep; a good brush will answer; after that roll it. You cannot be too particular as to the proper time for cutting. Do not let it get too ripe, or, perhaps, not ripe at all; watch it closely, and when you can see the faintest tinge, like the slanting rays of the departing sun upon it, it is time to drive in your mower or swing your scythe. If cut with the scythe it will take a full day after cutting before it can be put into "biddies." Not so with the machine, for it leaves it spread.

When *boiled down* it amounts to this: it is the best feed for yearling calves, not old enough to eat corn, extant. Hogs delight in it. It is good to feed them when fattening, when they tire on corn—the seed I mean. It yields twenty bushels rich seed per acre, and you have the hay besides. Chickens glory in it. The only trouble is, it makes them so fat that they never want to set, but eat, cackle, and lay for all time. If you winter a colt on it, he will come out sleek and fat in the spring. And finally, if the stock, cattle, horses sheep or what not, break into your hay lot, no matter how much other stuff is lying around they make a bee line for the Hungarian, and stay there until driven away or it gives out. Be careful and let that stand until fully ripe that you intend for seed. While binding take out every weed, and bind none but the pure stuff. T. H.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

BOTTLING DOMESTIC WINES.

Cold weather is the most suitable time for racking and bottling domestic wines. For several years past I have pursued the following course in keeping wines, which, when opened, were equal to many of the European brands of still wines. The process is as follows:

CATAWBA GRAPE WINE.—When fermented on the lees, without previous racking off, I generally draw from the cask for bottling in the coldest weather, say about the holidays. Draw from the cask until the sediment appears, then tie a common shot-bag filled with white sand to the spigot, allowing it to run slowly and filter into bottles. After drawing all the wine, cork the bottles with long corks securely, but which may be easily drawn. Stand the bottles corks downwards and let them remain in that position for two or three weeks, after which draw the corks, being careful not to move them in an upright position; let about one gill from each bottle run out, filling from a drawn bottle, then cork, seal and place them in a cool place on their sides. I have obtained beautiful clear wine by the above process. It is erroneous to rack the wine from cask to cask, as it loses its strength and body. By remaining on the lees until time for bottling it obtains strength and color otherwise lost.

CURRANT WINE.—Currant wine, for a light dinner wine, is excellent. I hold it fully equal to grape wine, and superior for common family use, possessing a bright, rose color, highly tonic and slightly stimulating. For a dinner wine I have found equal parts of currant juice and pure soft water, adding three pounds of white sugar to the gallon of mixture, a mild, pleasant and healthful drink. After fermenting, it is better to add one pint of good brandy to five gallons of the wine to hold it. Let it remain on the lees until cold weather, then bottle as above suggested. Farmers can make this wine at a trifling cost, and obtain a pure wine, free from any deleterious substances, which can be readily disposed of in your city. R. K.

Doylestown, 1861.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRY.

GARDEN SEEDS.—*Berks County, Pa.*—Can any of the readers or contributors to the "Dollar Newspaper" inform a subscriber where the best and earliest garden seeds can be obtained? Also of the best time and method of sowing cabbage and tomato seeds, in order to produce early and thrifty plants? An early reply will be thankfully received. B. O. A.

[Landreth & Son, of this city, have always a choice variety of garden seeds, and will furnish directions for their cultivation.—*Ed. Dollar Newspaper*].

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

THE NEWER GRAPES.—*Morrisville, Pa.*—In December, No. 51 of the "Dollar Newspaper," "O and P" asks for a description of the new grapes:

Delaware.—More hardy than Isabella and Catawba, and ripens three weeks earlier than the Isabella. Bunch small to medium, shouldred, compact, about three and a half inches long, one and three-quarters diameter, berry one-half to five-eighths in diameter, form round, quality very best, tasting like fine-flavored sugar, and dissolving completely in the mouth; color dark amber or chocolate; ripens in September.

Diana.—Very hardy, second best grape yet known, bunches large, very compact, not shouldred like the Delaware, but often have a small bunch appended to main bunch; color reddish lilac, thickly covered with bloom; second in quality to but one, and that the Delaware; hangs long on vine, and is not injured by frost; have seen them kept till March.

Clinton.—Perfectly hardy; bunch medium, shouldred, long and narrow; berries round and small; color black; ripens before the Isabella—a first rate wine grape.

Concord.—Very healthy, and vigorous, and hardy, and productive; bunch very large; color black; berries large; quality like Isabella, very sweet; ripens two weeks before Isabella.

Union Village.—A very strong grower, hardy and productive; color black; bunches very large; some have been known to weigh two pounds; quality like Isabella.

Cuyahoga.—A beautiful white grape, said to be the best native white grape extant; bunch three and a half inches long, two in diameter, and can no doubt be improved in size.

Rebecca.—Excellent in quality; bunches four inches long by two and a half in diameter; berries medium; color light green—it is very sweet and delicious.

Bullet.—A very tender, delicious little grape, good grower and hardy; greenish white; creveling; somewhat resembles the Isabella in appearance, but is a much pleasanter grape and two weeks earlier.

Maxatown cannot be better described than Isabella; color white. J. B.

THE RASPBERRY.—*Baltimore County, Md.*—The raspberry will do well in any good, rich and deep garden soil, but it succeeds best where it is inclined to be moist. In a dry, sandy soil, the more tender sorts will ripen the wood better; but in such a soil thorough mulching is necessary. The best situation is a border on the north side of a fence. They may be grown finely in young orchards, say two rows between each row of trees. The raspberry may be planted from two to three feet apart, and the cane should be cut down to within twelve or eighteen inches of the ground, according to the strength of the plant, cutting the weakest canes the shortest, and no fruit should be allowed to grow the first season. The buds should be picked off, that all the strength of the root may go into the new canes, and these should be carefully tied to a stake, as on their health and vigor depends the crop the next season. Pruning the raspberry is a very simple operation. The canes are produced one season, bear fruit the next, and then die. M. R. E.

THE WINTER CHERRY, (*Physalis.*)—*Luzerne County, Pa.*—This plant is easily grown and furnishes a very palatable sauce as well as an excellent pickle. The fruit can be kept through the winter, in its capsules, without any preparation, hence its name "Winter Cherry." The plant produces fruit in about three months after coming up from the seed. The fruit is very sweet and requires the addition of a little lemon to make it palatable to most persons. It is a pale-yellow when ripe. The capsule containing the fruit falls to the ground when matured. It makes an excellent preserve, with a pine-apple flavor, and somewhat resembling honey.

Cultivation.—The plants should be set out six feet apart each way, and hoed often enough to keep the ground loose, and the weeds down. It requires good garden soil to grow this plant to perfection. To all those sending a three-cent stamp, to pay return postage, I will send a package of the seed, post-paid, of the above-named plant. P. SUTTON.

Ransom, Luzerne County, Pa.

MEASURING CORN IN A CRIB.—*New Village, Warren County.*—A very simple and easy way to find the number of bushels of corn in a crib or wagon bed, is to multipty the width, height and length of the crib together, and then deduct one-fourth from the amount. Suppose a crib to be 4 feet wide, 9 feet high and 20 feet long, thus—

9
4
——
36
20
——
4)720
180
——
546 bushels of ears.

This may not be exact, but it will come as near as any other way it can be done. N. J.

SCIENCE AND ART.

INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

ORNAMENTS IN RELIEF MECHANICALLY PRODUCED.—The most notable ornaments in relief mechanically produced, in use at the present time, are those in carton-pierre, in papier-mache, and in stamped leather; also, carving produced by machinery. The first of these, carton-pierre, is an important introduction for architectural decoration from its lightness, strength, facility of application, and other advantages. It is composed of the pulp of paper mixed with whiting and glue; this preparation is pressed into plaster piece-moulds, backed with paper, and then, when sufficiently set, removed to a drying-room to harden. The manufacturers of this material execute in it works of great extent and beauty of design; it has the advantage over plaster of Paris, that it is stronger, lighter, and perfectly hard, and dries in a few hours. Papier mache, as used for architectural works, differs in some respects from the ordinary material known by that name. It is prepared by laying sheets of brown paper one over the other, a coat of glue being given between each. These sheets of paper, thus glued together, are then pressed into a metal mould of the ornament required, and the paper thus stamped to shape is afterwards trimmed: a composition of the pulp of paper mixed with rosin and glue is now put in the mould before used—the papier mache ornament, previously stamped, is again inserted, and is again pressed upon the pulp composition, which thus adheres to it and produces a sharp well defined ornament, of handsome appearance.

In the stamping of leather, great improvements have been made as regards the perfection of embossing the ornament. The latter is stamped by hydraulic pressure, producing very perfect and verp high relief. To prevent the relief subsiding as the leather dries, the reverse of the leather is covered in the embossed parts with some composition. Nothing can exceed the beauty of some of the specimens of this kind of work.

EXPERIMENTS WITH COAL GAS.—Gas, when made from most kinds of bituminous coal, contains a minute quantity of sulphur, even after the most careful purification. In order to ascertain how much is contained in the London gas, Professor Hoffman was appointed to make experiments by a committee of the House of Lords. The object of inquiry being to ascertain the quantity of sulphurous acid capable of being formed by the combustion of the gas, an exceedingly small jet of gas, carefully washed with acetate of lead and measured by an accurate experimental meter, was burned in a large two-necked globe. Through one of the necks the gas tube was conveyed into the globe, while the other, fitting into a condenser, carried off the products of combustion into a two-necked receiver. To establish a current of air, the receiver was connected with a water current aspirator; a couple of Woolfe's bottles, containing water or dilate ammonia, being inserted for the purpose of fixing any trace of sulphurous acid that might escape condensation with the water in the condensers. The experiment being terminated, the liquids in the receiver and in the wash bottles were united, oxydized with chlorine, and precipitated with chloride of varium. Four experiments were made, and two cubic feet of gas burned on each occasion, when it was found that 9.04 grains of the bisulphide of carbon were in every hundred cubic feet.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN FRANCE.—It is announced that French photographers have succeeded in effecting an important amelioration in the art of obtaining fac similes of old manuscripts, recent improvements enabling them to produce the most perfectly distinct and legible photographic copies of the palest and most illegible manuscripts. On old parchment the ink, under the influence of time, assumes a yellowish tint, which often becomes undistinguishable from that of the parchment, so that it cannot be read without the greatest difficulty. Now, during the photographic process, the brilliant and polished parts of the parchment reflect light much better than those where the ink has been deposited. However colorless it may appear the ink has not lost its anti-photogenic qualities, opposed to the photogenic uses of the parchment; and thanks to this opposition, black characters may be obtained on the sensitive surface, in return for much paler ones on the original. Photographers are also able to obtain at pleasure, enlarged or diminished copies of manuscripts, pictures, statues, and other works of art. Many recent photographs, examined with the aid of a microscope, reveal particles that are invisible to the naked eye; several of the lunar impressions taken during the late eclipse, and some of the solar ones, are cited as belonging to this category.

NEW COLORING MATERIALS.—The arts of dyeing and printing in colors, have undergone very considerable modifications during the last half century, and perhaps no manufacturing processes have received more important assistance from the labors of chemists. Dyeing is purely a chemical operation, and consequently it has improved in exact proportion to the advance made in the investigation of those chemical laws which regulate the formation of color, and the union of coloring matter with the various vegetable and animal substances which come under the operation of the dyer. A vast number of new coloring materials have been discovered or made available, and improved modes have been devised of economically applying those already in use; so that the dyer of the present time employs many substances, of the very existence of which his practical predecessors were wholly ignorant. From the increased use of many of the vegetable colors, and from the improved modes of applying the coloring matters, a demand has naturally sprung up for various dyestuffs, and at the present time many of the dyeing materials of distant countries are beginning to excite the attention of practical men, for though they have long been acquainted with many of these substances, it is only recently that the progress of the art has rendered their use desirable. The new substances that have come into use are employed either in preparing the fibre to receive coloring matter, or as mordants to enable it to combine with the color in the direct formation of colored compounds, to heighten animal or vegetable colors, &c.

MANUFACTURE OF TOYS IN EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.—Few persons in this country are aware of the extent and value of the toy manufacture in various parts of Europe, especially in France, England, Germany and Switzerland. The clock-work and mechanical toys are chiefly peculiar to France, where they are better made than in any other country. Box toys, as they are called, that is, numerous little turned or carved toys sold in boxes, are chiefly from Germany—such as Noah's arks, troops of soldiers, tea sets, farm yards, etc. The Swiss toys are mostly in white wood, and comprise such articles as carved figures, Swiss cottages, and the jointed figures used by artists. The conjuring tricks, dissecting puzzles, skeleton maps, etc., are mostly made in England. Among the English toy makers, the variety is quite considerable. Thus, there are the toy masers, the green wood toy maker, the white wood toy maker, the fancy toy maker, the numerous ramifications of doll makers, the tin toy maker, the lead toy maker, the pewter toy maker, etc., etc. The sciences which are laid under contribution in the construction of toys are almost as multifarious as the arts which are employed in the manufacture of them.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

LAST THOUGHTS.

Beloved, list to the night-wind's sigh,
Like to the spirit's wailing cry,
When the light of earth grows dim;
List to the fall of the autumn rain,
Like to the tear drops plashing the window-pane,
Or the echo of mourner's hymn.

I watch with a dull, unspoken pain,
For a face that shall ne'er come again,
For the light of those loving eyes
That thrilled my soul in that golden time,
When our heart throbs mingled in love's sweet rhyme,
As we looked on the sunset skies.

In that summer twilight so long ago,
When we stood where the blue waves ebb and flow,
Upon the silvery strand!
And we watched the white ships come and go
Where the nightingale sings and the roses blow,
In a far away southern land.

And you said, sweet love, our home shall be
In this beautiful land beyond the sea,
'Mid the orange tree's snow bloom.
And you kissed my lips, darling, I dream,
Do your arms enfold me?—ah me, I seem
To sink in this shrouding gloom.

Let me me lay my head on thy loving breast,
'Till I close my eyelids in dreamless rest
To wake where the angels sing—
Then lay me to rest 'neath the violet's bloom,
Where the wild rose wafted its faint perfume
On the evening zephyr's wing.

Upon the blue eternal hills,
Where the golden air with sweet music thrills
From the harps of the angel band—
I wait thy coming, oh! sweetest pain,
Though parted here we shall meet again
In the upper, better land. LILY.

Chester County, Pa, 1861.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONFESSIONS

Of an Applicant for Official Appointment.

[We copy the annexed pleasant sketch from the Chester County Times. It contains abundantly more truth than poetry, and is evidently from the pen of a gentleman, who has, perhaps for the first time in his life, been doomed to disappointment in the game of office-hunting. His case is that of ninety-nine out of every hundred who court the favor of those who have official crumbs at their command. "Put not your faith in politicians,' was the advice of Peter Brush:]

For the benefit of future aspirants for office, I want to give my experience in my own plain way. I was a Whig when there was a Whig party to be a Whig in, and when I saw it was no use for me to work any longer in that party, for it did not pay, I joined the Know-Nothings, and expected to get something right away. That party was no better for me than the Whig party. Nearly every man that swore himself in, did it to get an office. I believe the Know-Nothing party gave more people an appetite for office than ever was known before. When it went down, which was none too soon, I got led into the Republican party by a friend who said it was going to sweep everything, and the first who threw up his hat for it would have the best chance. I will just say that it did sweep everything, but the offices went pretty much to old Democrats, as an inducement for more to come over from that party.

No man turned out with the Wide Awakes oftener than I did. No man hurrahed louder for Lincoln and Liberty, and I meant it. I hurrahed for Curtin, too, for I had made up my mind to apply for an office. What I wanted was to be Whisky Inspector. It pays well, and is in my line.

I got a lawyer to write a petition, and he said I ought to have the office and would get it. I began to feel pretty sure of it myself when I read the petition; it was well got up, and I felt rich enough to pay that fellow five dollars. I did not know then how much money it was going to cost to get an office, or I would have asked him what he charged. Nearly everybody I asked signed it at once. A few cautious ones said they did not want to sign anybody's petition until the Governor was inaugurated. I thought it was all right, and made a memorandum of their names, intending to call on tham again, not knowing that the Governor would have it all fixed before he took his seat. Some had signed for another man for the same office, but generally signed for me, too, after the second treat. That treating cost me more than I would like to pay again for the same chance to make a fool of myself. At first I was a little diffident about asking any man for his signature, but the oftener I read the petition the bolder I became; for it set me up for about the right kind of a fellow for any office, and after a good many men read it and signed it, I began to believe it was every word true. At first, when a man hesitated to sign, I begged and coaxed; toward the last I learned to pout a little, like a spoiled child, and sometimes a little blustering would make a man sign it to avoid making me his enemy. Either way will do, but treating is the easiest if it was not so expensive.

Beside the petition, I got letters from several prominent politicians to the Governor elect, and they were a little stronger, if anything than the petition. From them I discovered that I was a gentleman of great moral worth and high standing in society, that I had much family influence, that I was conservative, that I was liberal, that my appointment would strengthen the party in the State, that I was not an office-seeking politician (!), that no man had more fitness for the duties of the office, and that all the gentlemen who wrote letters for me would feel under great personal obligation to Colonel Curtin if he appointed me.

I was glad I had gone into the business, for I never knew before what a worthy member of society I had been. I read the letters, every one, at least once a day. They made me feel good, and if I had died then I would have died happy.

At first start to get names to my petition I thought I might have some chance for an appointment, and every day strengthened my hopes, until I looked on it as a dead certainty. I pitied all other applicants, for I was sure they would be disappointed. I was astonished that they should think of it anyhow, for none of them seemed to have any claim on the party, or any strong backing. Their eagerness in securing what little influence they could get, seemed to me as little better than insanity. When my friends jokingly introduced me to their acquaintances as the next Whisky Inspector, I could not see the propriety of treating it as a joke. Everybody takes liberties with an applicant for an office. When a man has signed your petition and added, "I hope you get it," he feels free to crack a joke at your expense whenever he pleases. The foolish attempts at wit on my being a good judge of whisky, and therefore fit for the office; on my bearing testimony to my own fitness in my face, &c., were disgusting then, and more so now. Everybody thought I had to inspect the whisky by tasting it! When they asked me how it *was* done, I had to confess my ignorance. These were the disagreeable parts of the thing, but they did not trouble me much, for I had an abiding consciousness of my importance and dignity as one of the officers of the State, which resisted all such slight annoyances.

Having my documents all ready, I started for Bellefonte to present them to the appointing power. This was a new sensation. The thought uppermost in my mind was a regret that I was about to part with my petition and letters. They were the highest source of happiness I had ever enjoyed, and to part with them seemed too great a sacrifice, even for the possession of the commission they were to obtain. I thought seriously of returning home and keeping them as a basis on which to rest my claim to a perpetual respectability and life-long happiness.

I had quite a long talk with Col. Curtin. I liked him exceedingly. He could not promise anybody, and was only sorry he had not offices in his gift for every applicant. He acknowledged the strength of my backing, said he had heard of me, and knew I would be an applicant. I asked him several questions about politics, and paid great deference to his opinions. To show him that I knew something of the duties of my prospective office, I praised his whisky, and took a second drink.

I had heard of three other applicants for the office, and asked him how many had applied. He said there were about a hundred, but would be many more before the inauguration!

When I went back to the hotel, the landlord said there had been a tremendous run of office-seekers, and it was increasing. He seemed in good spirits, for he was at the head of the stream, where they all spawned a part of their money. I was not in particularly fine spirits, myself. The facts in the case, taken in a general way, seemed against the chances of any one man. Ninety-nine blanks, and perhaps a hundred and ninety-nine, to one prize, gave each one a first-rate chance to draw a blank. The Governor elect had been so gracious in his manners to me that I was not totally discouraged. At that moment I felt as if he was the only friend I had in the world, and believed if I did not get the appointment it would not be his fault. I knew he wanted to give it to me, but might be over-ruled by others. A gloomy feeling of doubt began to haunt me, and to keep it out of my mind, I took a seat next morning with the stage-driver, that the fine mountain scenery might divert my thoughts from the gaunt spectre.

What soothing balm to a troubled mind is the gabble of a light-hearted thoughtless fellow who has not sense enough to perceive our grief, but talks away about nothing until we forget our cares and catch the infection of his joyous mood. The driver, the scenery, and a natural reaction, soon brought my spirits to a cheerful tone, and I began to be about the same kind of a man that I was before I ever thought of applying for an office. I became so rational that I actually began to count how much money I had already spent, and what the experiment (for so I began to consider it) of applying for an office was going to cost. I had been so confident of success that I had made proposals of marriage to a lady and she had accepted. I began to wish I had not been in so much hurry, for besides having counted on the salary for a living, the mortification would be doubled.

I had nearly abandoned the whole project—not of matrimony, but of office-seeking—when the Legislature convened, and some other applicants put off to Harrisburg. I had made up my mind to give the thing no further thought, but catching the old disease—a relapse I suppose it was—I, too, hurried up to the capital as if life depended on it. I was almost a total stranger there, knowing nobody but other office-seekers, and they had their own affairs to attend to, not mine. I saw them getting the members to sign their petitions; and forthwith got a new petition and set to work, but without much success. Everybody said the place was already given to some Col. Butler, but my old faith in the Governor sustained me, and I would not believe it. In a few days spent there I learned some new things. One was that every man thought he had a good chance, and that it was between himself and one other man—all others being nowhere. Another new piece of knowledge was that every man tried to make the impression on the others that the thing was settled, and they might as well all go home. That was done to discourage competition and paralyze their efforts. It fooled me, all the time, but I guess it made no difference in the result, except that it helped to let down my expectations so low that the final tumble did not hurt me much.

When the new Governor arrived there was a perfect rush to get at him. I stood back, for I saw by the length of their faces that no one had got much encouragement. Growing desperate to know my fate, I asked a gentleman who had twice accepted my invitation to oysters and ale, to try to learn it for me. He did, and I started home.

My matrimonial engagement, which had troubled me of late, began now to present itself in a new light. I heard of women bearing their husbands' misfortunes with great fortitude, loving them better than ever before, and making a cloudy life bright again. I found great comfort in the idea. But for my engagement I would have been miserable indeed. It was no longer a source of trouble to me but a consolation. With a wife to comfort me, to sympathize with me, to encourage me, to divert my thoughts from the mortification of defeat, I could still be happy. I determined to make a big wedding and then settle quietly down and never go into politics again.

At one time, when troubled about the confounded office, I had actually been mean enough to entertain the thought of breaking engagement and going West in the spring. How thankful now that I had resisted the temptation to do so despicable a thing. I was even glad I had not got the office, for I saw in matrimony and a quiet home more pleasure than I could have had while engaged in the duties of the office. Thus I mused as the cars bore me rapidly towards home and happiness.

The remainder of my experience may be imagined when I say that I am going West in a few days. I heard, yesterday, that Araminta is engaged to a fat-headed fellow, who don't know secession from a sack of salt. I am done with politics and women too. I wouldn't have an office if you would give it to me for nothing, nor a wife either. If you ever go out West, inquire for me. Good-bye."

ANECDOTE OF PATRICK HENRY.

Three Baptist preachers were brought to trial, in about the year 1772, for preaching. The indictment brought against them was, "For preaching the Gospel of the Son of God" contrary to the statute in that case provided, and therefore breakers of the peace. The clerk was reading the indictment in a slow and formal manner, and he pronounced the crime with emphasis—"FOR PREACHING THE GOSPEL OF THE SON OF GOD"—when a plainly-dressed man dismounted from his horse, entered the court house, and took his seat within the bar. He was known to the court and lawyers, but a stranger to the mass of spectators who had assembled on the occasion. This was Patrick Henry, who, on hearing of this prosecution, had ridden some fifty miles from his residence in Hanover County to volunteer his services in defence of the prisoners. He listened to the further reading of the indictment with marked attention, the first sentence of which had caught his ear was "*For preaching the Gospel of the Son of God.*"

When the indictment had been read, and the prosecuting attorney had submitted a few remarks, Henry arose, stretched out his hand and received the paper, and then addressed the Court:

"May it please your worships: I think I heard read by the prosecutor as I entered this house, the paper I now hold in my hand. If I rightly understand, the king's attorney of this county has framed an indictment for the purpose of arraigning and punishing by imprisonment three inoffensive persons before the bar of this court for a crime of great magnitude—as disturbers of the peace. May it please the court—What did I hear read? Did I hear it distinctly, or was it a mistake of my own? Did I hear an expression, as if a crime, that these men, whom your worships are about to try for a misdemeanor, are charged with—what?"—and continued, in a low, solemn, heavy tone—"'*Preaching the Gospel of the Son of God?*'" Pausing amid the most profound silence and breathless astonishment of his hearers, he slowly waved the paper three times around his head, then, lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven with extraordinary and impressive energy, he exclaimed—"GREAT GOD!" The exclamation, the action, the burst of feeling from the audience, were all overpowering. Mr. Henry resumed:

"May it please your worships: In a day like this, when truth is about to burst her fetters—when mankind are about to be raised to claim their natural and inalienable rights—when the yoke of oppression which has reached the wilderness of America, and the unnatural alliance of ecclesiastical and civil power is about to be dissevered—at such a period when liberty—liberty of conscience—is about to awake from her slumberings and inquire into the reason of such charges as I find exhibited here to-day in this indictment!—" Another fearful pause, while the speaker alternately cast his sharp, piercing eyes on the court and the prisoners, and resumed—"If I am not deceived, according to the contents of the paper I now hold in my hand, these men are accused of '*Preaching the Gospel of the Son of God.*' GREAT GOD!"—Another long pause, during which he again waved the indictment above his head, while a deeper impression was made on the auditory. Resuming his speech, he said:

"May it please your worships: There are periods in the history of man, when corruption and depravity have so long debased the human character that man shrinks under the weight of the oppressor's hand and becomes his servile, his abject, slave; he licks the hand that strikes him; he bows in passive obedience to the mandates of the despot, and in this state of servility he receives his fetters of perpetual bondage. But, may it please your worships, such a day has passed away! From the period when our forefathers left the land of their nativity for settlement in these American wilds—for Liberty—for civil and religious liberty—for liberty of conscience—to worship their Creator according to their conception of Heaven's revealed will—from the moment they placed their feet on the American Continent, and in the deeply imbedded forests sought an asylum from persecution and tyranny—from that moment, despotism was crushed, the fetters of darkness were broken—the heavens decreed that man should be free—free to worship God according to the Bible. Were it not for this, in vain have been taken the efforts and sacrifices of the colonists; in vain were all their sufferings and bloodshed to subjugate this New World, if we, their offspring, must be oppressed and persecuted. But, may it please your worships, permit me to inquire once more, for what are these men about to be tried? This paper says, '*For preaching the Gospel of the Son of God.*' GREAT GOD!—*for preaching the Savior to Adam's fallen race!*"

Another pause. In tones of thunder he then inquired, "WHAT LAW HAVE THEY VIOLATED?" Then, for the third time, in a slow, dignified manner, he lifted his eyes to heaven and waved the indictment around his head. The court and the audience were now wrought up to the most intense pitch of excitement. The face of the prosecuting attorney was pale and ghastly, and he appeared unconscious that his whole frame was agitated with alarm; and the judge, in a tremulous voice, put an end to the scene, now becoming extremely painful, by the authoritative command, "*Sheriff, discharge the men!*"

POPULAR ERRORS CORRECTED.

Do not use avocation for vocation; the latter signifies occupation, employment, business; the former signifies whatever withdraws or diverts us from that business.

It was impossible to suspect the veracity of this story; it should be, truth of story; veracity is applicable to persons only.

I had rather walk; it should be, I would rather walk; had denotes past possession, not will or desire.

I doubt not but I shall be able; it should be, I doubt not I shall be able.

He was too young to have felt his loss; it should be, to feel his loss.

I seldom or ever see him now; it should be, I seldom or never, or seldom if ever.

Do not say, rather childish, rather saltish, as the termination *ish* and the word rather have the same meaning; such expressions, though very common, are tautological.

I expected to have found him; it should be, I expected to find him.

I intended to have visited him; it should be, I intended to visit him.

I hoped you would have come; it should be, I hoped you would come.

I rode in a one-horse shay; it ought to be, one-horse chaise; there is no such word as shay.

He can write better than me; say, than I.

When two things are compared, we must say, the elder of the two, not the eldest; the richer of the two, not the richest; my brother is taller than I, not the tallest.

Though who is applied to persons, and which to inanimate things, yet to distinguish one of two or more persons, which must be used: Which is the happy man? not who; which of these ladies?

The observation of the Sabbath is a duty; it should be, the observance of the Sabbath; observation means remarking or noticing; observance, keeping or obeying.

A child of four years old; it should be, a child four years old, or aged four years.

The negligence of this leaves us exposed; it ought to be, the neglect of this, etc.; negligence implies habit; neglect expresses an act.

No man had ever less friends; it should be, fewer; less refers to quantity.

Be that as it will; it should be, as it may.

The above discourse; it should be, the preceding discourse.

The then ministry; it should be, the ministry of that time.

All over the country; it should be, over all the country.

Provisions were plenty; say plentiful.

I propose to visit them; it should be, I purpose to visit them.

A GHOST STORY.

FROM THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

It is constantly urged, among other objections to the credibility of supernatural apparitions, that the name of the witnesses have singularly and suspiciously disappeared—that you find them, upon investigation, substantiated thus: A very worthy gentleman told another very worthy gentleman, who told a very intelligent lady, who told somebody else, who told the individual who finally communicated the incident to the world. There are, however, as just intimated, instances in which such ambiguity is altogether wanting. Among these is one so well authenticated by well-known witnesses of undoubted veracity, that, having never before been published, I venture to relate it here.

My informant was Prof. Tholuck, of Halle University, the most eminent living theologian in Germany, and the principal ecclesiast of the Prussian Church. He prefaced the account by assuring me that it was received from the lips of De Wette himself, immediately after the occurrence—that De Wette was an intimate personal friend, a plain, practical man, of remarkably clear and vigorous intellect, with no more poetry and imagination in his nature, than just sufficient to keep him alive—in a word, that he would rely upon his coolness of judgment and accuracy of observation, under any possible combination of circumstances, as confidently as upon those of any other man in the world.

Dr. De Wette, the famous German Biblical critic, returning home one evening between nine and ten o'clock, was surprised, on arriving opposite the house in which he resided, to see a bright light burning in his study. In fact, he was rather more than surprised; for he distinctly remembered to have extinguished the candles when he went out, an hour or two previously, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, which, upon feeling for it, was still there. Pausing a moment to wonder by what means and for what purpose any one could have entered the room, he perceived the shadow of a person apparently occupied about something in a remote corner. Supposing it to be a burglar employed in rifling his trunk, he was on the point of alarming the police, when the man advanced to the window, into full view, as if for the purpose of looking out into the street. *It was De Wette himself!*—the scholar, author, professor,—his height, size, figure, stoop,—his head, his face, his features, eyes, mouth, nose, chin, every one,—skull-cap, study-gown, neck-tie, all, everything; there was no mistaking him, no deception whatever; there stood Dr. De Wette in his own library, and he out in the street—why, he must be *somebody else!*

The Doctor instinctively grasped his body with his hands, and tried himself with the psychological tests of self-consciousness and identity, doubtful if he could believe his senses and black were not white, that he no longer existed as his former self, and stood perplexed, bewildered and confounded, gazing at his other likeness looking out the window. Upon the person's retiring from the window, which occurred in a few minutes, De Wette resolved not to dispute the possession of his study with the other Doctor before morning, and ringing at the door of the house opposite, where an acquaintance resided, he asked permission to remain over night.

The chamber occupied by him commanded a full view of the interior of the library, and from the window he could see his other self walking up and down immersed in thought, now sitting down to his desk to write, now rising to reach for a volume among the bookshelves, and imitating in all respects the peculiar habits of the great doctor engaged at work and busy with cogitations. At length when the cathedral clock had finished striking through first four and then eleven strokes, as German clocks are wont to do an hour before twelve, De Wette Number Two manifested signs of retiring to rest—took out his watch, the identical large gold one which the other doctor in the chamber felt sure was at that other moment safe in his waistcoat pocket, and wound it up, removing a portion of his clothing, came to the window, closed the curtains, and in a few moments the light disappeared. De Wette Number One, waiting a little time until convinced that Number Two had disposed himself to sleep, retired also himself to bed, wondering very much what all this could mean.

Rising the next morning, he crossed the street, and passed up stairs to his library.—The door was fastened; he applied the key, opened it, and entered. No one was there; everything appeared in precisely the same condition in which he left it the evening before,—his pen lying on the paper where he had dropped it on going out, the candles on the table and the mantelpiece evidently not having been lighted, the window curtains aside as he had left them; in fine, there was not a trace of any person's having been in the room. "Had he been insane the night before? He must have been. He was growing old; something was the matter with his eyes or brain; anyhow, he had been deceived, and it was very foolish of him to have remained elsewhere all night." Endeavoring to satisfy his mind with some such reflections as these, he remembered he had not yet examined his bed-room. Almost ashamed to make the search, now convinced it was all an hallucination of the senses, he crossed the narrow passage-way and opened the door. He was thunderstruck. The ceiling, a lofty, massive brick arch, had fallen during the night, filling the room with rubbish and crushing the bed to atoms. De Wette the Apparition had saved the life of the great German scholar.

Tholuck, who was walking with me in the fields near Halle, when relating the anecdote, added, upon concluding, "I do not pretend to account for the phenomenon; no knowledge, scientific or metaphysical, in my possession, is adequate to explain it; but I have no more doubt it actually, positively, literally did occur, than I have of the existence of the sun *in Himmel da.*"

SHARP TRADING.

In the village of W. lived a man, who had once been Judge of the County, and was known all over it by the name of Judge L. He kept a store and saw mill, and was always sure to have the best of a bargain on his side, by which means he had gained an ample competency, and some did not hesitate to call him "the biggest rascal in the world." He was very conceited withal, and used to delight to brag of his business capacity, when any one was near to listen. One rainy day, as quite a number were seated around the stove in the store, he begun, as usual, to tell of his great bargains, and at last wound up with the expression—"Nobody has ever cheated me; nor they can't neither."

"Judge," said an old man of the company, "I've cheated you more'n you ever did me."

"How so?" said the Judge.

"If you'll promise you won't go to law about it, nor do nothing, I'll tell, or else I won't—for you're too much of a law character for me."

"Let's hear! let's hear!" cried half a dozen or more voices.

"I'll promise," said the Judge, "and treat in the bargain, if you have."

"Well, do you remember that wagon you robbed me out of?"

"I never robbed you out of any wagon," exclaimed the Judge, "I only got the best of a bargain."

"Well, I then made up my mind to have it back, and—"

"You never did!" interrupted the 'cute Judge.

"Yes I did—and interest too."

"How so?" thundered the now enraged Judge.

"Well, you see, Judge, I sold you one day a very nice pine log, and bargained with you for a lot more. Well, that log I stole off your pile, down by your mill, the night before, and the next day I sold it to you. The next night I drew it back home, and sold it to you the next day; and so I kept on until you bought your own log of me twenty-seven times!"

"That's a lie?" exclaimed the infuriated Judge, running to his books, and examining his log accounts; "you never sold me twenty-seven logs of the same measurement."

"I know it," said the vender of logs. "By drawing it back and forth the ends wore off, and as it wore, I kept cutting the ends off, until it was only ten feet long—just fourteen feet shorter than it was the first time I brought it, and when it got so short, I drew it home again and worked it up into shingles; and then I concluded I had got my wagon back and stowed in my pocket book."

The exclamation of the Judge was drowned in the shouts of the bystanders, and the log-drawer found the door without the promised treat. And, to see a mad man, you have only to ask the Judge if he ever was shaved.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE;

OR, THE PROFESSORS AT THE RACE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Two College Professors—I won't give their names—
(Call one of them Jacob, the other one, James,)
Two College Professors, who ne'er in their lives
Had wandered before from the care of their wives,—
One day in vacation, when lectures were through,
And teachers and students had nothing to do,
Took it into their noddles to go to the Races,
To look at the nags, and examine their paces,
And find out the meaning of "bolting" and "baiting,"
And the (clearly preposterous) practice of "waiting,"
And "laying long odds," and the other queer capers
Which cram the reports that appear in the papers;
And whether a "stake" is the same as a post?
And how far a "heat" may resemble a roast?
And whether a "hedge" in the language of sport,
Is much like the plain agricultural sort?
And if "making a book" is a thing which requires
A practical printer?—and who are the buyers?
Such matters as these—very proper to know,—
And no thought of betting—induced them to go
To the Annual Races, which then were in force,
(Horse racing, in fact, is a matter of *course,*
Apart from the pun;) in a neighboring town,
And so, as I said, the Professors went down.

The day was the finest that ever was known;
The atmosphere just of that temperate tone
Which pleases the Spirit of (man and) the Times,
But impossible, quite, to describe in my rhymes.
The track had been put in a capital plight
By a smart dash of rain on the previous night,
And all things "went off"—save some of the horses—
As lively as crickets or Kansas divorces!

Arrived at the ground, it is easy to guess
Our worthy Professors' dismay and distress
At all the queer things which expanded their eyes
(Not to mention their ears!) to a wonderful size!
How they stared at the men who were playing at poker,
And scolded the chap with the "sly little joker;"
And the boy who had "something uncommonly nice,"
Which he offered to sell at a very high price—
A volume that didn't seem over refined,
And clearly was *not* of the Sunday-School kind.
All this, and much more—but your patience will fail,
Unless I desist and go on with my tale.

Our worthy Professors no sooner had found
Their (ten shilling) seats in the circular ground,
And looked at the horses—when, presently, came
A wish to know what was the *Favorite's* name:
And how stood the *betting*—quite plainly revealing
The old irrepressible horse-race-y feeling,
Which is born in the bone, and is apt to come out
When thorough-bred coursers are snorting about.
The Professors, in fact—I am grieved to report,—
At the very first match entered into the sport,
And bet (with each other) their money away—
Just *Fifty* a piece—on the *Brown* and the *Bay*;
And shouted as loud as they ever could bellow—
"Hurrah for the filly!" and "Go it, old fellow!"
And "stick to your business!" and "rattle your pegs!"
Like a jolly old brace of professional "Legs!"

The race being over, quoth Jacob, "I see
My wager is forfeit: to *that* I agree,
The *Fifty* is yours by the technical rules
Observed, I am told, by these horse-racing fools;
But then as a *Christian*—I'm sorry to say it,—
My Conscience, you know, won't allow me to pay it!"

"No matter," quoth James, "I can hardly refuse
To accord with your sound theological views;
A tardy repentant is better than none!
I must tell you, however, 'twas *your* horse that won;
But of course, you won't think of demanding the pelf,
For *I* have a conscience, as well as yourself!"

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Cutting Down Expenses.

"Julia, my dear, we must curtail our expenses. The failure of Bust & Doem has carried away our house. We must economize for a season and endeavor, as far as possible, to live within ourselves." "Certainly, my love—anything that will aid you in your difficulties will be embraced by me with pleasure." "We must discharge our servant girls." "Of course; but do you think, love, that a butler would be cheaper?" "No my dear—I mean discharge our servants, and for a while do our own work." "Nothing, Alfred could afford me more delight. It is what I have wished for a year." "And then, Julia, we must curtail our household expenses. Instead of those expensive dishes we used to have, we must try something more democratic. What say you, once in a while, to a little bean soup?" "Nothing better—boiled with chicken, I think it one of the most delightful dishes in the world." "But we must go without the chicken—salt pork would relish just as well." "Sure enough, so it will. But what shall we have for a desert? A sago pudding?" "Wouldn't dumplings answer just as well?" "Better, my dear. Dumplings, with champagne sauce, is what I dote on." "But we cannot afford that, my sweet—wouldn't plain sauce be equally healthful?" "Certainly—perhaps better." "And then potatoes are very dear, love—could you get up a little substitute?" "Of course—fried oysters are relished by the children, or if you prefer it, we'll have boiled eggs or an omelet." "But my dear, these things would not help matters in the least—on the contrary, they aggravate difficulties." "Well, love, do what you please, I am so little posted up in the market value of all things that I regret to say, your poor little wife can give but little advice that would tend to mend our condition. The fact is, Alfred, I begin to fear that my education has been sadly neglected, and that I gave time to worsted work that should have been devoted to other matters." Julia hit the nail on the head. Her education had been neglected. With the most loving, well disposed disposition in the world, she can propose nothing that will lessen the clouds which are gathering about her husband's fortunes. This causes her pain and mortification. When we left, we thought we saw a tear rolling down her cheek. We wonder what caused it? Parents will please cypher it out and draw a moral.

Hood's Practical Jokes.

As fond of practical jokes as even Theodore Hook himself, Tom Hood was often caught in his own net, but usually gave a *quid pro quo,* His daughter thus chronicles one:

"On another occasion two or three friends came down for a day's shooting, and, as they often did, in the evening rowed out into the middle of the lake in an old punt. They were full of spirits, and had played off one or two practical jokes on their host, till on getting out of the boat, leaving him fast one of them gave it a push, and out went my father into the water. Fortunately, it was the landing-place, and the water was not deep, but he was wet through. It was playing with edged tools to venture on such tricks with him, and he quietly determined to turn the tables. Accordingly he presently began to complain of cramps and stitches, and at last went in doors. His friends getting rather ashamed of their rough fun, persuaded him to go to bed, which he immediately did. His groans and complaints increased so alarmingly that they were almost at their wit's ends what to do. My mother had received a quiet hint, and was therefore not alarmed, though much amused at the terrified efforts and prescriptions of the repentent jokers. There was no doctor to be had for miles, and all sorts of queer remedies were suggested and administered, my father shaking with laughing, while they supposed he had got ague or fever. One rushed up with a tea-kettle of boiling water hanging on his arm, another tottered under a in bath, and a third brought the mustard. My father at length, as well as he could speak, gave out in a sepulchral voice that he was sure he was dying, and detailed some most absurd directions for his will, which they were all too much frightened to see the fun of. At last he could stand it no longer, and, after hearing the penitent offenders beg him to forgive them for their unfortunate joke, and beseech him to believe in their remorse, he burst into a perfect shout of laughing, which they thought at first was delirious frenzy, but which ultimately betrayed the joke."

An Old Epitaph.

Here lies a Peck which some folks say,
Was first of all a peck of clay,
This wrought with skill divine, while fresh,
Became a curious peck of flesh,
Through various forms, Peck's maker ran
Till adding breath made Peck a man.
Full sixty years Peck felt life's troubles,
Till death released a Peck of troubles.
Then fell poor Peck, as all things must,
And here he lies, a Peck of dust.

A brilliant young gentleman remarked to a lady with whom he was bowling, "I think, Miss, that you would make a capital baker." "Indeed, sir, why?" "Because you make such excellent rolls."

AN old count paid his addresses to a rich heiress. On asking her hand in marriage, he frankly said to her, "Madamoiselle, I am very old, and you are very young; will you do me the honor to become my widow?"

PUZZLES, &c.

Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

ENIGMA OF CLASSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

I am composed of thirty one letters.

My 9 21 4 8 11 25 1 and my 14 18 12 25 26 25 8 were founders of celebrated cities.

My 20 7 29 16 9 6 3 25 8 was an Athenian General.

My 5 30 4 23 30 14 was a Roman General.

My 10 30 12 26 5 30 7 was a Carthagenian General.

My 2 21 27 5 13 18 31 was an Athenian patriot.

My 5 13 5 3 17 24 was a Roman orator.

My 2 22 15 7 5 26 11 23 was a ruler of Athens.

My 2 26 30 20 27 was a Grecian philosopher.

My 2 26 25 9 30 15 5 21 was a Grecian biographer.

My 30 19 14 7 5 30 31 25 1 was the name of a Roman conqueror.

My whole is a saying of one of the ancient poets. MARSELLUS, JR.

Quincy, Ill., 1851.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a sheet of postage-stamps like distant relations? Because they are but slightly connected.

Why is ice in a thaw like philanthropy? Because it *gives* in all directions.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN LAST WEEK'S "*Newspaper:*"—"*Major Robert Anderson.*"